VOL. 2. JULY, 1892. NO. 1.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,

GENEALOGY, ARCHÆOLOGY

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

THREE DOLLARS
Per Annum.

THIRTY CENTS
Single Copies.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.:
PUBLISHED BY VIRGIL A. LEWIS.

Entered at the Postoffice, at Charleston, W. Va., as Second Class Matter, January 26th, 1892.

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Southern Historical Magazine.

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LIFE AND TIMES OF JESSE BENNETT, M. D., 1769-1842.

BY A. L. KNIGHT.

Dr. Jesse Bennett was born in Frankford, Philadelphia county, Pennsylvania, a small town ten miles northeast of the city of Philadelphia, on the 10th day of July, 1769, of English parents. The Bennetts trace their pedigree for eight centuries, through England to Normandy. This the writer learned from the doctor by a remark addressed to his grandfather in relation to their ancestry, which was, that they traced their descent from the same country.

His advent into the colony of Pennsylvania was nearly coeval with the undercurrent of discontent that was agitating the leading men of the Thirteen Colonies.

John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry were then barely known beyond the bounds of their respective colonies.

When he was seven years of age the voices and sentiments of those men and their compatriots were re-echoed from hill and dale, town and hamlet throughout the original colonies, while the rattling drums and piping fifes were calling men from every avocation to arms.

Fortunately the boy's education, as was the custom of the better class of English people, began when he was but four years of age. After this he was alternately in and out of school till his twelfth year, when he entered a grammar school, equivalent to our modern normal school, where he remained two years.

His father had been killed in battle three years previously, but had left his family in moderately good circumstances, so that the widow was able to give her three children good educations, classical to her two boys, of whom Jesse was the elder. The writer regrets that he can not give the names of the other members of the family.

Thus it is seen that the first half of the boy's youth, a time of life that should be exempt from cares, was passed amid "war's dread alarms;" and bereft of a kind and indulgent father, who had sacrificed a flourishing mercantile business and his life on the alter of his country, at a time when the boy was not old enough to appreciate the irreparable loss.

The doctor remembered very distinctly a raid made upon Frankford by Col. Tarleton, in command of a British cavalry regiment, just before that officer was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, to assist the Tories of that colony.

A squad of his dragoons visited the home of Mrs. Bennett, and as was

usual in such raids, began to rifle her house.

Placing Jesse to watch the actions of the soldiers, she ran out bareheaded into the street, screaming at the top of her voice for the commander:—

"Here, Colonel Tarleton, at your service, madam." "Well Colonel, some of your soldiers are pillaging my house; if by your orders, I have no redress, if not, please step in and see for yourself." The colonel rode up and ordered the soldiers from the house. Whether from policy or otherwise, she said, "Let them have their dinners before they go."

"Well, madam, since your hospitality extends to those undeserving rascals, I and a few of my officers, with your permission. will dine with you." "Certainly, sir, you shall have your dinners, but to join you while my husband is now in the patriot army with General Washington, where he is often hungry and cold, would make me unworthy of such a husband, or undeserving the friendship of any one, who, like him, has sacrificed everything in the cause that he has espoused."

"Well, madam, you possess Spartan courage, with the dignity of a Roman matron. I wish you were as loyal to the king as you seem to be to your rebel husband and the cause to which he lends his aid."

"It is but a question of time," continued the Colonel, "when this odious rebellion will be put down, and *without* warring with the women and children. I do not feel degraded by loyalty to my king, nor do I feel that the non-combatants, whatever their sympathies may be, are socially degraded. Hence, if denied the pleasure of dining with the hostess, I will bid you good day and dine with my mess."

At this point, firing was heard in the distance toward Philadelphia. The gallant colonel hastened on to the attack, but found the patriots outnumbered his command. He retreated towards New York. The writer does not claim that he has given the foregoing colloquy in the exact words of Mrs. Bennett and the Colonel, but the facts have been scrupulously maintained without exaggeration, for he heard them from the doctor himself.

From fourteen to eighteen years of age he spent in one of the colleges of Philadelphia (name not given), from which he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and immediately thereafter began the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Rush, a professor in a medical college from which he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine in April, 1791, and in the same year, his Alma Mater bestowed upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

At this time his patrimony was exhausted. He was rich in diplomas, but would they aid him in getting bread and decent raiment? a question that very few modest young doctors can readily answer. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." His own native town was small. Philadelphia was at the time the medical center of the United States, and over-run with physicians and surgeons; besides the young doctor could not entertain the idea of hanging out his sign in rivalry to his former friends and medical teachers.

Under these considerations he decided to "go west."

In the fall of the same year he

found himself in Augusta county, Virginia, a very impecunious young doctor, but he put on a bold front, swung his sign to the breeze, and soon obtained a moderate practice, that is, so far as the *quid pro quo* went. He once told the writer that the first evening he sat in his little and incommodious office, he said aloud to himself: "Well, Jesse, you are here in an uninviting office with neither money nor patients; are you willing to attend the sick, in good or bad weather, night or day, the rich and the poor alike?"

For awhile he hesitated in answering these self-propounded questions. He looked around his dingy, half furnished office, thought of his mother and sister, not over incumbered with cash, of his dearly beloved brother who had died the year before. Then slowly answered, "Yes, by the gods! the Fates! or the Furies! Come weal or woe! I will as long as my sign hangs out."

It is said that he kept this oath sacred as long as he was able to practice medicine.

Being a well-bred vivacious and humorous gentleman, he was not long in making his entry into the very best society.

He soon became on visiting terms at the house of the honorable Peter Hogg, attorney-at-law of that county, who had, prior to the revolution, held the office of King's Solicitor. This King, George III, in a freak of generosity, soon after the French and Indian war made a deed to Peter Hogg and eight or ten others, of eighty-one thousand acres of land contiguous to the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, by which Peter Hogg obtained, in two separate tracts, eight thousand acres.

Query. By what right or title did the king hold these lands?

It was never brought in question but once that we know of.

In October, 1774, Cornstalk did set up a claim, but was non-suited in battle at Point Pleasant.

The sagacious attorney soon discovered that the young doctor's educational and professional attainments were above the average, and learning that he had come of a good family, did not discourage his attentions to his daughter, Elizabeth. She was a lady of remarkably good sound sense, with an education considered good for a lady at that time, in the Valley of Virginia.

If there was any romance in their courtship it never came to the surface.

Their, or rather his wooing, extended over a year, having some formidable rivals among the Virginia chivalry.

They were married in the spring of 1793, and shortly after settled in the city of Philadelphia, where he practiced medicine for three years, excepting a few months of absence in 1794, when he acted as surgeon to a Philadelphia company in the bloodless war of the "Whiskey Insurrection" in Western Pennsylvania.

In 1796, at the earnest solicitation of friends (his wife's people) he was induced to try his fortune in, at that time, the far west.

Sometime in that year, he and family, consisting of wife, one daughter and himself, the daughter being the only child they ever had, removed to the Valley of Virginia.

From thence, in the following year, he and family in company with William Hawkins, of Fincastle, his brother-in-law, who in the fall of 1794, had married a sister of his

wife, Miss Nancy Hogg, came to the Ohio Valley. The latter couple had one child, named Alfonzo, two years old at the time.

Their household effects were brought over the mountains in two four-horse wagons, driven by slaves, of which each had five or six. The whites rode horseback and assisted their slaves in driving other live stock, consisting of cows, sheep and hogs. They came to the land fronting on Six Mile Island, being six miles above the mouth of the Kanawha, and at that time in Kanawha county. The land being a five thousand acre tract, already spoken of, beginning at Muse's upper military line, and extending up the river 1 9-16 miles, which was divided between Jesse Bennett, William Hawkins and Thomas Hogg, but in what proportion we are not advised.

Their brother-in-law, Peter Hogg, Jr., who married a Miss Abney, of Augusta county, had preceded Bennett and Hawkins two years and settled on the upper Hogg survey of three thousand acres, ten miles above the Kanawha river.

Within the years 1795 and 1797, Peter Hogg, in addition to his own cabin, built an office for the doctor, of round logs, and a hewed log house for each Thomas Hogg and William Hawkins. Just why Thomas Hogg wanted a hewed log house is not known. He was but eighteen years of age at the time. Possibly he had seen a "bird in the bush," and expected to catch it by the time the cage would be completed.

He came out in 1798, with Samuel Somerville and Francis Watkins, driving a wagon team for the former. Thence he passed his time about equally between his friends here and those in Augusta; and in the year 1810, he espoused Polly McCulloch, daughter of John McCulloch, who will be noticed further on, by whom he had four children, James, Olevia, Elizabeth and Taylor. We have not the space to follow these kins-people of the Doctor's wife.

When Samuel Somerville came, two other friends besides Thomas Hogg accompanied him, with one of whom he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean, viz., Francis Watkins, who had married Nancy Henderson, while Thomas Stark, the other migrator, married Mary, her sister. They were grand-daughters of Col. Andrew Donnally, and were in his fort when attacked by Indians in 1778, aged eight and ten years respectively. All three of these parties bought land of Isaac Robinson, who was either owner of the land, or an agent for some parties in Southwestern Pennsylvania, who had bought the lower portion of the Andrew Stephens survey of eight thousand acres. Thomas Stark moved into the Blockhouse previously built and occupied for eight years by said Isaac Robinson, directly at the foot of Eight Mile island, at which point a ferry was established by him in 1808, or thereabout.

About the same time, Mr. Watkins built the first merchant flouring mill in the county. It had a capacity for twenty-five barrels daily. He soon after erected wool carding machines, run by the same power—an overshot water wheel. Since the land has been cleared up the water supply is insufficient, but by the addition of steam, the old mill continues its revolutions

The author is reminded of the jolly

fishing parties made up of white and colored children there sixty years ago. The old land-mark has stood eighty-four years, while Francis Watkins, Henderson, his son, Elisha Rathburn, A. G. Sayers, John McGrew, John McCown, Robert McGuffin and John T. Hogg, all owners of the mill for longer or shorter times, "Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,"—except Sayers. Were we superstitious we would not like to possess it, but we still go there with our grand-son to fish in the old pond under the spirit shades of the former owners. It now belongs to John McGuffin, of Sewell Station, West Virginia, who also owns the old Dr. Jesse Bennett homestead.

Francis Watkins was the first sheriff of Mason county, 1804 to 1808, and in the latter year obtained a license to solemnize matrimony, which he held during his life.

Perhaps we have wasted the reader's time in biographical sketches of pioneers, their homesteads, &c. Because such things can have but a local interest.

The only excuse we offer is that they fill up the lights and shades of the single picture which may reflect a true drawing of thousands of other points taken at the same time.

Manners, customs and costumes are prominent colors in such pen paintings.

THE PIONEER WEDDING.

A wedding in "ye olden times" in many respects differed from those of the present day.

Instead of the sweet scented, doubly enveloped, fashionable wedding cards, discriminately sent to their wealthier friends with an eye to bridal presents and a laudable desire for the higher persimmons in their social future, oral invitations were given indiscriminately to all their neighbors, old and young, rich and poor, and nothing but sickness prevented acceptance and attendance.

Often the hostess felt herself fortunate when she had house room accommodation for her female guests only.

The arrivals were generally several hours before the expected bridegroom and his attendants.

When, if the weather was cool, a big fire of burning logs would be built in the yard, around which the boys would crowd, shedding smoke-provoked tears, mixed with jostle and laughter.

The young men would practice all kinds of gymnastics, including jumping, wrestling and foot-racing.

The old men generally amused themselves pitching dollars, when they had any; in their absence, horse-shoes and quoits. The more athletic would throw the shoulder-stone and maul. The former was a rock of thirty to sixty pounds in weight, which was poised on the hand and shoulder and pitched therefrom. The victor being he who cast the rock over the greatest space. The maul was a tool used in driving a wedge; a wooden hammer, says Webster; more properly a wooden sledge of eight or ten pounds weight. The kind of tool Abraham Lincoln used to split the rails that brought him fame. (*Aside:* We have split more rails than ever Old Abe did, but they were not the kind of rails to make us famous.) He was a successful splitter, however. He split the Democratic party in 1860, and in five years mauled it into submission,

Throwing the maul consisted in taking it by its two feet in length handle and describing a circle about the shoulder until the heavy end gained the greatest velocity attainable, and was then let fly at a tangent to its circle.

Meanwhile the healthy, blushing bride and her maids would be closeted in a private room, "not at home" to the guests Those not having such a spare room or up-stairs to which usually a ladder led, would partition the main room with hanging tapestry extemporized of bed quilts.

On the arrival of the bridegroom's suit, and the licensed minister; all amusements would cease and a rush be made to witness the marriage ceremony. After this came the bountiful repast of such viands as the new country produced; game, cakes and pies, sweetened with maple sugar, predominating; after which, as many of the guests lived miles away, the benedicts and matrons, with the little ones, would depart on horseback. (The old farm horses which submitted to just as many riders as could find sitting room upon their backs.)

Some of my lady readers no doubt wonder why the bride's trosseau has not been described.

Dear lady friends, brides of those days didn't have any.

With few exceptions, a calico wedding dress was thought to be *creme de cremes*. Many of our sainted mothers were married in their own domestic manufacture.

It is a well substantiated fact that some of them (may their loving souls rest in peace) spun and wove some very fine fabrics in those days.

It was not uncommon that a web of linen could be passed through the finger ring of the fair manufacturess. Would that not be fine enough for ruffles and furbelows?

It should be remembered, too, that in those times, calico cost from fifty cents to one dollar per yard, and at the then money value of wheat and corn, it required forty bushels of the former and one hundred of the latter to get a dress as gaudy even as calico.

Now, ladies, from this single item, you better than the writer, can estimate what the bride's outfit would cost in agricultural products, taking wheat as a basis at from twenty to thirty-five cents per bushel.

Remember, too, that wheat in those times was sown by hand, cut with barbed sickles, by the hands of both sexes, and threshed with wooden flails, and even separated from its chaff by two men fanning with a sheet, while a third shook it down little by little. Two to four days' work for a single yard of calico.

No wonder that indulgent fathers, and generous husbands and brothers, who indulged their wives, daughters and sisters in such luxury, when prices ruled so low for their labor and products, were compelled to wear "leather breeches full of stitches," as the song goes.

Whether they wore such breeches from compulsion or choice, the historic fact remains that a gentleman's costume consisted of dressed deer skin, for breeches, vest and moccasins for two decades of this century. That is for spring, summer and fall wear, hand made woolens taking their place in winter.

But to return to the wedding. After the departure of the old folks and children, the remaining guests in cos-

tumes as above described, are not long in clearing the main room of the tables which had been extemporized by placing whip-sawed planks on high benches or trestles.

Then generally Terpsicore's art monopolized everything to the "wee sma' hours ayant the twa." animated by the soul enlivening strains of the fiddle in the hands of old uncle Ben, or some other negro. Oh! boys, those were the happy days when every fellow loved his neighbor some, and his neighboress a good deal.

On the day following, all the guests, including the old and young, of the previous day would repair to the bridegroom's house, where a similar routine of merrymaking and feasting would be had.

No bridal tour, steamboat disasters, or railroad wrecks for our jolly, rosy cheeked grand-mothers; no extortionate porters and landlords for them. No sights beyond the umbriferous forest that surrounded their humble cabin homes. Had they no aspirations beyond the confines of these lonely spots of earth?

No doubt they had a reasonable degree of Mother Eve's curiosity; but devoted themselves to wifely duties. By example they taught their daughters humility, industry, virtue and religion; by precept their robust sons, truth, honor and bravery.

How well they succeeded let history answer. It is certain that those virtues are not fostered within the emasculating influence of city life. So, boys, if you live in the country do not envy your city cousins.

This second day was called the "infair." The description would be incomplete without the usual fun of the ride. When within a mile of their destination, some half dozen or more who prided in the action of their horses, would ride up to the front, when the bride and groom who had held the post of honor now halt, and the bride gives the word "go," when off they dash, over stumps, logs and brush, a regular steeple chase for the prize, viz., the bride's bottle, usually loosely tied upon a slim pole at the groom's residence in such a way that the champion can snatch it as he rides by at full speed. His reward is to be master of ceremonies for that occasion.

The foregoing is a fair description of average weddings and the costumes for twenty or thirty years of the doctor's back-woods life, and which he attended with great zest. In the spring months the merry-makings were frequent.

By invitation, the stout, able-bodied young men would meet in some new "clearing," equipped with axes, mauls, wedges and grubbing hoes to prepare the land for cultivation, bringing their sweet-hearts with them, who, during the day, would help to cook, quilt, sew or scutch flax. Then, after supper, they would amuse themselves by dancing or playing plays, not cherades, but something equally as good, as "lost the button," and others now obsolete, (games), till ten p. m., when the young men would mount their horses, their girls behind them, and off for home.

These kind of gatherings of the young folks were of weekly occurrence at certain seasons. There were flax-pullings, hay-makings and apple-parings, in which both sexes engaged, besides the joint grubbings and quiltings, sewings and log-roll-

ings, cooking and house or barn raisings. Within the first two decades of this century hewed logs for dwellings and churches were common.

These people were a church-going people. The Master, Mistress, young Masters, young Mistresses and slaves attended church together and took communion as brothers and sisters at their father's table, as children of one Lord. Perhaps they do yet "beyond the river."

Notwithstanding the sound of the huntsman's horn, from any given point in the neighborhood, could have been heard at half a dozen stillhouses, the people were frugal and temperate, with a less percentage of drunkenness and crime than at the present.

This may seem paradoxical, but is nevertheless true. Of course there was much whiskey and brandy consumed at home, there being no Prohibitionists in the country. Their surplus grain and fruits were distilled for want of transportation facilities to market them.

Game was plentiful for forty years of the doctor's life. Those who could afford it, kept stag hounds, and deer driving was a favorite autumnal amusement for the doctor and his neighbors.

For fifteen or twenty years after the time just mentioned there were black bears, panthers and deer in the near surrounding forest, elk and buffalo having disappeared fifty years previously, or about the time the Shawnees left the very lands upon which he had settled, or about the the year 1740.

THE DOCTOR'S NEIGHBORS.

Among the doctors neighbors, besides those who came to the valley with him, were John McCulloch, William McIntire and John Johnson, all Irish by birth, but came from Maryland by way of Pittsburg in 1792. They were frequently fired upon by Indians in their transit down the Ohio river. They had devised a novel plan of protection of their children by stacking hay over a frame work in their open boat. The McCulloch family became, and is yet, a prominent one in the county. Three members of it, Samuel, Alexander and Mary, were born in Maryland, John, Sarah and Margaret after their settlement in the Valley of the Ohio. Their farm was a part of the Andrew Stephens grant. They all served their country in one or more official positions, and were not parsimonious, but economical and industrious, made their savings work for them, and hence their descendants are affluent.

Honorable mention could be made of hundreds of others, cotemporary with the doctor, who shared with him the many trials and privations of pioneer life, and some pleasing anecdotes told of them, were they of general interest.

Those who have an interest in their names, habits and standing, are referred to Lewis' History of West Virginia, under the head of Mason County, and to the same author's "Life and Times of Anne Bailey."

He, however, had one neighbor not as worthy and prominent as many others, who helped to make pioneer history, and from the incidents in his life (which have been given incorrectly in history) will be referred to at the risk of tiring the reader. The writer, however, will say that his source of information was the story

of the man of whom he writes, and in support of its probable correctness, will state that it was from time to time poured into his boyish ears between the years 1834 and 1839, that is, between his fourteenth and eighteenth years of age. The writer worked on his farm every summer for five years, a few weeks at a time, when he did not like work any more then than he now does. Besides, his wages went to pay his mother's bills for weaving done by this family.

Notwithstanding the boy had no taste for plowing corn, he was fond of history and "Injin" stories.

ISAAC ROBINSON.

Isaac Robinson was the man's name who disliked work even more than the boy did, but liked his toddy as well as the boy did the "Big Injin" stories. And as a rule he talked very little except when *slightly* inebriated. So when the boy ploughed with one of his horses all day, while the old man rode his other one away, and came back at sun set, announced by an Indian war whoop the boy expected a biographical sketch to follow that evening, and he, now older than Robinson was then, will give what he remembers relating thereto.

Isaac Robinson was born in central Pennsylvania in 1762, of a Swede mother and Scotch father, and in 1769, removed to the Southwestern part of that state or colony as it then was, and settled near the junction of the Cheat and Monongahela rivers. Shortly after, Greathouse's treachery and onslought upon the Mingo Indians, in retaliation a band of Wyandottes and Mingoes raided the Cheat river settlement.

The father was absent and Isaac, his mother and a three months old sister were taken prisoners and the cabin fired.

Before they reached the Ohio river a Mingo Indian (not Logan, Robinson knew Logan afterward) dashed out the brains of his infant sister against a tree.

They were kept in the Mingo tribe near where Zanesville now stands till after Dunmore's treaty (last of October 1774,) when a Shawnee Indian bought him for his sister who had lost a sixteen year old son and her husband at the battle of Point Pleasant.

This squaw and her remaining son took such a fancy to Isaac that she adopted him in 1775, as her son, and brother to her boy then twelve years of age.

She had his ear rims sliced, his nose bored, and face painted, she seemed proud of him and said she would "make braves of her two boys." They were so kind to him that he became attached to them.

The boys soon became excellent archers and as they grew older good marksmen with the rifle. They had no trouble in supplying the wigwam with birds, toads, squirrells, snakes and fish.

About once a week the village would feast together, called squaw dinner, at which the squaws were expected to recite their annals. In this way he became acquainted with many of the leading Indians, among them Ellinipsico and brother Wolf. He had not arrived at the age that permitted him a seat in council but he knew Cornstalk by sight.

Through the squaws he learned much family history, the relations of different families, including some romance.

In 1780, he learned through a Wy-

andotte that his mother, whom he had not seen for five years, and never again saw, had gone home four years since.

This excited a longing desire to go and see her. One evening his mother by adoption noticed tears flowing down his cheeks and asked him with tears of sympathy in her eyes, in which the foster brother joined, "what troubled him?" He said: "I want to see my mother." "Why, I am your mother, do you not love me and your brother here?" "O, yes, but I want to go see the other mother, then come back and bring her with me, and we will all live in one wigwam."

She said no more, but next morning before day she called the young men to her, and told them to go and hunt deer. They started south, killing a deer now and then, which they hung up till their return.

The second day brought them to the head waters of Raccoon creek, about sixty miles from its mouth, a point now in Athens county, Ohio, when the young man addressing him by his Indian name, said: "You want to see your other mother?" (at the time handing to him all his cooked venison,) "go down this water to big water, cross over big water, find pale face, hunt mother; come back to brother."

After embracing with tearful eyes, they parted. Two days later he crossed the Ohio ten miles below Fort Randolph, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, and went up to the fort, where he again became a prisoner. After hearing his story, he was advised to go home by way of the Valley of Virginia.

Three weeks after, he found himself in what is now Rockingham county, Virginia, where he joined the Virginia militia, and next year was transferred to North Carolina.

He was one of the militia that ran without firing a gun at the battle of Guilford Court House. His story is as follows:

"We were stationed on some rising ground sparsely timbered, with a rail fence about two hundred yards in front of us. We expected to pepper the British and Tories as they climed the fence, but the red coats instead of climbing, pushed it before them, and came on as though they intended giving us a bayonet charge. Then we ran."

"Why did you run, Mr. Robinson?" "I never knew," said he, "the officers headed us off, and about two-thirds returned to the fight as fast as they could walk. When the regulars saw us coming back they yelled a piercing yell, like the Indian war whoop; then I broke ranks in a run and yelled too. Then the yell went round and at them we went. I shot slowly with good aim; don't think I very often missed a red-coat.

"After the war I went to my former home. Mother had died the year before. I was then nearly twenty-one years old. My father had enlisted and never returned. I thought of returning to my Shawnee mother, but Sally, that is she in the other room, prevented it."

He and Sally were married in 1785. Four years after, he either bought, or became agent for the lower half of the Andrew Stephens land of eight thousand acres. In 1789 he moved to it (then in Greenbrier county,) and built a block-house on the south bank of the Ohio at Eight Mile

Island now in Mason county. During the marauding raids of 1791 three Indians made a night attack upon his house, the results of which are only inferential.

One evening when the old man was fuller than usual of drink, he said:

"If a man has no relative beyond his wife, and had a foster brother, on whom a mother by adoption was dependent, he would not like to find that brother dead, with a bullet hole through his heart, eh?

In the year 1850, near the river bank, a few hundred yards from where the old block house had stood, two skeletons, exposed by the caving off of the bank, buried not over two feet from the surface, which from their contracted frontal and high malor bones with disparity between the thickness and length of the long bones, the writer unhesitatingly pronounced them the skeletons of Indians, from which he draws his inference, the reader may draw his own.

Isaac Robinson died in 1847, and was buried near the old veteran and scout, Luman Gibbs, on Gibbs' Fork of Old Town Creek. His wife, Sallie, was removed by her brother back to Pennsylvania, where she now sleeps.

They had no children of their own; but raised five or six adopted ones, and yet there is not one of the descendants of those remaining, within the bounds of Mason county.

A relentless fatality seems to have followed from the highlands of Scotland and the bleak knobs of Sweden, to rule its victims in the western hemisphere.

His name is commemorated in the name of a district in Mason county. On his death bed he was asked if he had made his peace with God." "No, God and I have been good friends; no war, no peace to make; God will put me where it is best, never fear."

DR. BENNETT'S FIELD OF PRACTICE.

And this field embraced territory to the extent of twelve hundred square miles, and at his beginning had perhaps three to five hundred inhabitants. It included all of Mason and what is now Jackson county, and a part of what afterwards became Putnam county, Virginia, (now West Virginia) and Meigs and Gallia counties, Ohio. So that forty or fifty patients scattered over this area would give him a pretty hard year's riding. He was the only physician within these bounds for several years, his first competition being at Gallipolis, ten miles below him. And even he, his competitor being French, could do but little in the practice among the English speaking people.

He opened an office fifteen feet square, built of round logs, thatched and daubed in the usual style of pioneer cabins, extemporized shelving with rived boards laid upon pegs set in the wall, on which was not a very imposing array of jars and bottles of medicines from which he, from time to time, replenished the time honored parapetic saddle bags; then he was ready for business. There was not much business done in the office in those days. Patients well enough to visit the office were well enough to dispense with medicine. Hence his practice was in the field.

Here among these early settlers the doctor, a finely educated physician, was the first regularly educated doctor of medicine to come west of the Allegheny mountains. Why he left

the more advanced east for the wild west, where there could be but little congeniality with such disparity of education, habits and taste, is a question not readily solved.

Perhaps he mentally foresaw what development would do. If so, he realized his expectations, for he lived to see the wilderness transformed into a very garden spot of the country.

In 1804, when the county of Mason was formed, the doctor was commissioned Major of militia. This gave him the custody of the arms of the county. In 1806, he was strongly importuned by Harman Blennerhassett to join the proposed expedition of Aaron Burr. The doctor accompanied Blennerhassett some two miles up the river to the ferry, from the land of Captain William Clendenin. In that ride he became suspicious of Burr, but had full confidence in his friend Blennerhassett. About the time the expedition was expected, the doctor and his slaves buried the arms, fearing that Burr might take them by force.

Two years later, 1808, he was elected to the legislature by some two or three hundred votes.

During all these eleven years he improved his land by slave labor and work taken in exchange for medical services. He sold several fine farms, or rather what became such, not from necessity or speculative purposes. He has been heard to say that "no man had a right to incumber land that he was not able to improve or cultivate," yet he left several very valuable tracts of land, over a thousand acres to his heirs.

In the war of 1812, he was assigned to duty as surgeon of the Mason county troops, which rendezvoused at the Maumee rapids, not far from Lake Erie.

An instance occurred there which gives an exhibit of the doctor's boldness and skill as a surgeon.

A soldier was shot in the thigh by the accidental discharge of a rifle in the hands of a mess-mate.

Two or three physicians were on hand immediately. While they were consulting Dr. Bennett came up. The hemorrhage was fearful. Without a moment's hesitation, he ordered three or four soldiers to hold the man, and at once cut down, following the direction of the ball's track till he exposed the crural artery, which he found intact, but the middle muscular branch of that vessel had been divided; this he drew up and quickly tied, thereby saving the patient from a fatal hemorrhage. Then turning to his medical friends, said: "Gentlemen, in this case there was no time for consultation; that man would have bled to death in a few minutes."

This surgical feat at the present day of advance in surgery, would be of minor import, but it makes the character of the doctor stand out in bold relief. A surgeon of the past century, with a pocket-case of instruments, at a time when anesthetics were unknown, to act as promptly as he did, is worthy of historical recognition.

The doctor was a thorough anatomist, and did a good deal of surgery; and always appeared willing to undertake any surgical operation that seemed indicated.

Another instance showing his dexterity as a surgeon, is given as told by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Nancy Hawkins, who was an eye-witness. A caesarean section was had upon his

own wife, 14th day of January, 1794, at which time the doctor removed both overries as a preventive to further child-bearing. The mother and child both lived. The child, his only one, a daughter, married Enos Thomas, who read medicine with his father-in-law, practiced medicine in Point Pleasant for several years, by whom she had three children, Mary, who married Dr. Samuel G. Shaw, deceased, Susan, deceased; and the Hon. Col. G. B. Thomas, now a resident of Point Pleasant.

After the death of Dr. Thomas she married Robert Mitchell, by whom she had one son.

The doctor was a practical farmer, gave great attention to the quality and breeds of his stock, especially to rearing of fine blooded horses, and delighted in the honest trials of speed on the neighboring race course, situate on the land of Thomas Lewis, two miles below him; but whilst he received sporting gentry from other counties and States, he did not take his horses abroad.

The few slaves, brought with him to tho west, soon became many. He never sold one of them. Occasionally one of them would run off He did not follow them.

On one occasion a faithful slave named Barber escaped from the plantation, and after wandering around several days in Ohio, returned. Being informed of Barber's return, he grabbed his shot-gun and ran Barber all over the farm. Then he said: "Stop, Barber, I will not shoot you. Why did you want to leave me? Are you not happy and contented with me? Would you rather belong to some one else? Do you not have good clothes and plenty to eat? And do you not sleep often while I work? And have you no love for those who have cared for you all your life? You are younger than I. I have hoped that when I die you would be near my bedside.

"O, yes massa doctor all that's so, but I wanted to be free like you." Well you are and always have been in principle if not in fact.

Now go, go I say, and do the best you can, and in that you will be like me certainly.

Barber did not go, but remained faithful to him till his death July 13th, 1842. After which he found a deed of emancipation bearing date with the foregoing occurrence.

Some two or three years after the death of his wife, 1836 or 1837, the doctor married Miss Harriet Fowler, daughter of Thomas Fowler, of London, who emigrated to this country in 1815, and to Mason county in 1817. And in the year following did the brickwork for a commodious brick dwelling-house and an office for the doctor, of the same material.

Many pleasing anecdotes could be told of the doctor in his long and eventful career, did space permit. He died on the 13th of July, 1842, having been in the practice of medicine fifty-one years. His remains are entombed in a freestone mausoleum built by his directions, in his lifetime, on his own plantation, by John Preston.

HOW WEST VIRGINIA BECAME A MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL UNION.

West Virginia is the only American State ever formed within the limits of another organized State, and this state creation was one of the results of the Civil War. What is true of many other periods and historical events, is true of the beginning of West Virginia's state-hood. This is the conflicting statements made by different writers. One of the leading text-books on history, adopted for use in the schools of several states, asserts that West Virginia was admitted into the Union just as a Territory is admitted, viz: that Congress first passed an Enabling Act, authorizing the people of the Territory to frame a constitution the same to be submitted to the people and if by them ratified, then to be considered by Congress and if found by that body not to contain provisions in opposition to the Federal Constitution, a bill may be framed admitting the said Territory as a State. But no such course was pursued in the case of West Virginia, and while great uncertainty surrounds the birth of older states and nations, there need be none connected with that of this commonwealth, for notwithstanding the facts that she is "the child of the storm," and was born amid the throes of Civil War, all her history is within the reach of the student who will examine the records. Briefly told, the facts are these:

When the Virginia Convention, on the 17th of April, 1861, passed the Ordinance of Secession, there was great rejoicing in the eastern part of the state, but in the west, in all the region stretching from the Alleghenies to the Ohio, there was manifest opposition, and the sentiment in the next thirty days was voiced by conventions in several counties, among them being Preston, Monongalia, Ohio, Taylor, Mason, Wood, Jackson and Wetzel.

But it remained for a call for united action to come from Clarksburg, the birth-place of Stonewall Jackson. There, on the 22nd of April, 1861, nearly twelve hundred citizens of Harrison county convened in compliance with a call issued forty-eight hours previously. The meeting was organized by the election of John Hursey, President, and J. W. Harris, Secretary. Before adjournment a lengthy preamble with the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved:* That it be and is hereby recommended to the people in each and all of the counties composing Northwestern Virginia, to appoint delegates not less than five in number, of their wisest, best and discretest men, to meet in convention at Wheeling, on the 13th day of May next, to consult and determine upon such action as the people of Northwestern Virginia should take in the fearful emergency."

In compliance with the recommendations of the Clarksburg Convention, the people of twenty-five

counties, viz: Hancock, Brooke, Ohio, Marshall, Wetzel, Tyler, Harrison, Pleasants, Wood, Monongalia, Preston, Jackson, Marion, Mason, Upshur, Wirt, Ritchie, Hampshire, Barbour, Doddridge, Berkeley, Roane, Lewis, Taylor and Wayne, held mass conventions and selected delegates to the proposed Wheeling Convention.

THE FIRST WHEELING CONVENTION.

Time sped on and the morning of the 13th day of May, 1861, witnessed a gathering of men in the city of Wheeling—men accustomed to the peaceful avocations of life, but who were determined in their opposition to secession, and were ready to take any action that might be deemed expedient to hold Western Virginia firmly attached to the Federal Union.

At eleven o'clock a. m., what is known as the First Wheeling Convention, assembled in Washington Hall, and the report of the committee on credentials showed that there were present four hundred and thirty duly accredited delegates entitled to seats as representatives from the before named counties.

The body was called to order by Chester D. Hubbard on whose motion William B. Zinn, of Preston county, was made temporary President; George R. Latham, of Taylor county, was appointed temporary Secretary. At the afternoon session the Committee on Permanent Organization reported as follows: for president, John W. Moss, of Wood county; for secretaries, Charles B. Waggener, of Mason, Marshall M. Dent, of Monongalia, and J. Chandler of Ohio county. The remainder of the first day and the whole of the next, was spent in heated debate, and it was found that the body was about equally divided on the question of State Division. One party headed by John S. Carlisle of Harrison county, bore a banner upon which was inscribed "New Virginia, Now or Never." They were determined to at once adopt a constitution, form a government for the counties represented and fill the offices of the same by temporary appointment. This plan, revolutionary in character as it was, became popular with a majority of the members; but there was a large minority who dared to point out the difference between spasmodic disruption and legalized resistance; among them were Adam Kuhn, Campbell Tarr, Nathaniel Wells, J. D. Nichols and Joseph Gist, of Brooke county; Waitman T. Willey, of Monongalia; and John Hall and Daniel Polsley, of Mason. Throughout the third day these men maintained the fight, and late at night an acrimonious debate was interrupted by the committee on resolutions asking to report through its Chairman, Campbell Tarr. The report was a skillful blending of all opinions; it recommended to the people of the several counties to meet on the ensuing 4th of June and appoint delegates to meet in convention on the 11th of the same month in the city of Wheeling, the business of which should be to devise such measures as the safety and welfare of the people of Northwestern Virginia should demand The report was adopted. A thousand voices united in singing the Star Spangled Banner and the First Wheeling Convention adjourned *sine die*.

SECOND WHEELING CONVENTION—THE RE-ORGANIZED GOVERNMENT.

By the resolution of the First Wheeling Convention, each county

was authorized to appoint a number of delegates equal to twice the number of its representatives in the next General Assembly and the senators and representatives elected on the fourth Thursday of May at the general election as members of the General Assembly of Virginia, were made eligible to seats in the June Convention. This the Second Wheeling Convention, assembled in Washington Hall June 11th 1861, and on the next day the Committee on Credentials reported as present and entitled to seats, ninety-three members representing thirty-two counties Arthur I Boreman, of Wood county, was made permanent President, and G. L. Cranmer, of Ohio county, Secretary. The President appointed a Committee on Order of Business, which, on the second day, reported "A DECLARATION OF THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA REPRESENTED IN CONVENTION AT THE CITY OF WHEELING, THURSDAY, JUNE 13TH 1861." This was adopted and on the 19th, the convention, without a dissenting voice, adopted

AN ORDINANCE FOR THE REORGANIZATION OF THE STATE GOVERNMENT.

It provided first that a "governor, lieutenant-governor, and attorney-general, for the State of Virginia shall be appointed by this Convention to discharge the duties and exercise the powers which pertain to their respective offices by the existing laws of the State, and to continue in office for six months and the General Assembly is required to provide by law for an election of governor and lieutenant-governor as soon as in their judgement, such election can be properly held." Provision was made in like manner for the election or appointment of civil and military officers of the State and June 20th, the Convention proceeded to elect Francis H. Pierpont, of Marion county, Governor of Virginia; Daniel Polsey, of Mason, was chosen Lieutenant-Governor, and James S. Wheat, of Ohio county, was made Attorney-General. Thus the work went on until an entire State and county government was organized, but nothing had been done that appeared to directly inaugurate the popular movement for the formation of a New State. In reality however, the true theory had been adopted, and the only legitimate mode of arriving at the most desirable result had been conceived and acted upon by the Convention. If the government, thus restored, was recognized by the Federal authorities as the only government in Virginia, then the Legislative branch of it could give its assent to the formation of a New State as provided for by the Constitution of the United States. On the 20th of June, the Convention adjourned to meet on the first Tuesday in August.

MEETING OF THE GENERAL ALSEMBLY.

The third clause of the ordinance, passed June 13th, by the second convention, provided for the meeting of the General Assembly at Wheeling, on the 1st of July, and in pursuance thereof, that body convened on the day appointed. There were thirty-one members present and the session was held in the Custom House. The Assembly went into an election on the 9th of July, and by joint ballot, elected L. A. Hagans, Secretary of the Commonwealth; Samuel Crane, of Randolph, Auditor of Public accounts, and Campbell Tarr, of Brooke,

Treasurer. The body then proceeded to ballot for United States senators, which resulted in the election of John S. Carlisle, of Harrison county, and Waitman T. Willey, of Monongalia, as the successors of R. M. T. Hunter and James M. Mason, who had resigned their seats in that body immediately upon the ratification of the Virginia Ordinance of Secession. They, together with the representatives—William G. Brown, Jacob B. Blair and Kellian V. Whaley—from the three Congressional districts west of the mountains, who had been elected at the same time as the members of the General Assembly, at once proceeded to Washington where they were admitted to seats in the respective Houses, as Senators and representatives from Virginia. This was the initiatory step in the formation of the New State, for by the admission of these representatives to seats, the Federal Government practically recognized the restored government as the only legal one in Virginia.

REASSEMBLING OF THE CONVENTION.

August 6th, 1861, the Convention reassembled at Wheeling and hastened to the performance of its chief work—that of preparing for the formation of a New State—and on the 20th, adopted the following:—

ORDINANCE TO PROVIDE FOR THE FORMATION OF A NEW STATE OUT OF A PORTION OF THE TERRITORY OF THIS STATE.

This ordinance recited that "The people of Virginia by their delegates assembled in convention at Wheeling, do ordain that a State, to be called the State of KANAWHA, be formed and erected out of the territory included within the following described boundary." Here followed a description of the proposed original boundaries, but these were afterward changed to include additional counties, and the name was changed to that of West Virginia.

It was also provided that an election should be held on the fourth Thursday of the ensuing October, on the question of the New State and at the same time a separate poll was to be opened for the choice of delegates who were to assemble at Wheeling on the 26th of November, 1861, to frame a Constitution, provided the people voted in favor of the New State. The election was held as prescribed by the Ordinance and the vote as proclaimed by the Governor, stood eighteen thousand four hundred and eight for the New State, and seven hundred and eighty-one against it.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

On the 15th of November, 1861, Governor Pierpont issued a call requesting the Delegates to the Constitutional Convention to assemble November 26th, in compliance with the Ordinance of August 30th. In accordance therewith, that body convened in the Federal court room at Wheeling and was called to order by Chapman J. Stewart of Doddridge county. The permanent organization resulted in the election of John Hall, of Mason, as President; Ellery R. Hall, of Taylor, Secretary, and James C. Orr, of Ohio county as Sargeant-at-arms. The work of preparing a constitution began and went on until February 18th, 1862, when the work was completed and the convention adjourned. On the fourth Thursday in April following, the Constitution was ratified by a vote of

18,862, in its favor and 514 against it.

Governor Pierpont convened the General assembly in extra session at Wheeling May 6, 1862, and on the 12th of the same month, that body passed an act giving its consent to the foundation and erection of a New State within the jurisdiction of Virginia.

THE WORK AT WASHINGTON.

All eyes were now turned to Washington. There was to be the scene of final action, the result of which was to be the realization or disappointment of the fondest hopes of the New State men, and they were determined to secure, if possible, its admission into the Union before the adjournment of the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress. In that body sat Waitman T. Willey and John S. Carlisle, as Senators, and Kellian V. Whaley, William G.. Brown and Jacob B. Blair as representatives from Virginia, under the Reorganized Government, and each was regarded as a firm friend of the New State.

The Commissioners appointed to bring the matter before Congress, were John Hall, of Mason; James Paxton, of Ohio county; Elbert H. Caldwell, of Marshall; Peter G. Van Winkle, of Wood, and Ephraim B. Hall, of Marion. Supplied with copies of the ratified Constitution and the Act of Assembly granting permission to form the State, they proceeded at once to the National Capitol, where they arrived May 22, 1862.

Three days later, May 25, Senator Willey laid the matter before the Senate, by which body it was referred to the Committee on Territories, of which Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio was Chairman, and John S. Carlisle, the other Virginia Senator, a member. To the latter was assigned the work of preparing and reporting the bill providing for the admission of the State.

There was a long delay in reporting the bill. Nothing was heard of it until the 23rd day of June, when it came from the Committee. It was known as "Senate bill No. 365," and may be seen in its entirety by reference to the *Congressional Globe*, for 1862, page 2942. The bill was far from being what the friends of the New State desired, containing as it did, provisions that would surely defeat it. This was due to the opposition of Senator Carlisle, who in 1861, was a leader of the New State movement, but had now charged front and was one of its most active opponents.

June 26th, Senator Wade called up the bill, whereupon Charles Sumner protested against the Gradual Emancipation Clause of the Constitution and proposed to insert instead thereof the following from the Ordinance of 1787, providing for the organization of the Northwest Territory: "Within the State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude other than in punishment of crime whereof the party is convicted." Here the matter rested until the first of July, when Willey again called up the bill. A heated discussion ensued, in which Senators Wade, Hale, Collamar and Willey participated, the latter of whom closed by submitting what was known as the "Willey Amendment." This was really a substitute for the Carlisle Bill. Carlisle now saw that his efforts to defeat the bill in the Senate would

prove abortive, and he moved to postpone further action on the subject until the first Monday in the following December. This brought eloquent replies from Senators Wade and Ten Eyck, and the motion was lost by a vote of 23 to 17. The following is a complete text of the bill as it came up for final action in the Senate,—

AN ACT FOR THE ADMISSION OF WEST VIRGINIA INTO THE UNION.

WHEREAS, the people inhabiting that portion of Virginia known as West Virginia, did, by a Convention assembled in the city of Wheeling on the twenty-sixth day of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, frame for themselves a Constitution with a view of becoming a separate and independent State; and WHEREAS, at a general election held in the counties composing the territory aforesaid, on the third day of May last, the said Constitution was approved and adopted by the qualified voters of the proposed State; and WHEREAS, the Legislature of Virginia, by an act passed on the twelfth day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, did give its consent for the formation of a new State within the jurisdiction of the said State of Virginia, to be known by the name of West Virginia, and to embrace the following named counties, to wit: Hancock, Brooke, Ohio, Marshall, Wetzel, Marion, Monongalia, Preston, Taylor, Tyler, Pleasants, Ritchie, Doddridge, Harrison, Wood, Jackson, Wirt, Calhoun, Roane, Gilmer, Barbour, Tucker, Lewis, Braxton, Upshur, Randolph, Mason, Putnam, Kanawha, Clay, Nicholas, Cabell, Wayne, Boone, Logan, Wyoming, Mercer, McDowell, Webster, Pocahontas, Fayette, Raleigh, Greenbrier, Monroe, Pendleton, Hardy, Hampshire, and Morgan; and WHEREAS, both the Legislature and the Convention aforesaid have requested that the New State should be admitted into the Union, and the Constitution aforesaid being republican in form, Congress doth hereby consent that the said forty-eight counties may be formed into a separate and independent State: Therefore,

SEC. 1. "*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.* That the State of West Virginia be, and is hereby declared to be one of the United States of America, and admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever, and until the next general census shall be entitled to three members in the House of Representatives of the United States; *Provided always*, that this act shall not take effect until after the proclamation of the President of the United States hereinafter provided for.

"It being represented to Congress that since the Convention of the twenty sixth of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, that framed and proposed the Constitution for the said State of West Virginia, the people thereof have expressed a wish to change the seventh section of the eleventh article of the said Constitution by striking out the same and inserting the following in its place, namely: "The children of slaves born within the limits of this State after the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, shall be free, and that all slaves

within the said State who shall, at the time aforesaid, be under the age of ten years, shall be free when they arrive at the age of twenty-one years; and all slaves over ten and under twenty-one years shall be free when they arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and no slave shall be permitted to come into the State for permanent residence therein: Therefore,

SEC. 2. "*Be it further enacted*, that whenever the people of West Virginia shall, through their said Convention, and by a vote to be taken at an election to be held within the limits of said State, at such time as the convention may provide, make and ratify the change aforesaid, and properly certify the same under the hand of the President of the Convention, it shall be lawful for the President of the United States to issue his proclamation stating the fact, and thereupon this act shall take effect and be in force from and after sixty days from the date of said proclamation."

The vote on its final passage in the Senate July 10th, was as follows:—

Yeas.—Messrs. Anthony, Clarke, Collamar, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan. Harris, Howe, Lane of Indiana, Lane of Kansas, Morrill, Pomeroy, Rice, Sherman, Simmons, Ten Eyck, Wade, Wilkinson, Willey, and Wilson of Massachusetts—23.

Nays.—Messrs. Bayard, Browning, Carlisle, Chandler, Cowan, Davis, Howard, Kennedy, King, McDougall, Powell, Saulsbury, Stark, Sumner, Trumbull, Wright and Wilson of Missouri—17.

Thus the bill passed the Senate by a majority of six.

The most earnest friends of the measure in the Senate were Willey, of Virginia; Wade of Ohio; Collamar, of Vermont; Hale, of New Hampshire; Fessenden, of Maine; Ten Eyck, of New Jersey; Pomeroy and Lane, of Kansas; and Wilkinson, of Minnesota. The most active in opposition were Carlisle, of Virginia; Bayard, of Deleware; Trumbull and Wilson, of Missouri, and Sumner, of Massachusetts.

From the Senate the bill went to the House in which it was reported July 16th, six days after its passage in the Senate. Adjournment was near at hand, and the same day its consideration was postponed until the second Tuesday in the ensuing December, by a vote of 63 to 33. But now the friends of the measure were far from being discouraged; the bill had passed the Senate and they were assured by many members of the House that it should have their support at the ensuing session. Time passed, the House reassembled and on the morning of the 10th of December, William G. Brown, called up the bill, it having been put in charge of John A. Bingham, of Ohio. A spirited debate ensued and continued until late in the evening when a vote was taken the result being as follows:

Yeas.—Messrs. Aldrich, Arnold, Babbitt, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Jacob B. Blair, S. S. Blair, Blake, William G. Brown, Buffington, Burnham, Campbell, Casey, Chamberlain Clarke, Clements, Colfax, Frederick A. Conkling, Covode, Cutter, Davis, Duell, Dunn, Edgerton, Edwards, Eliot, Ely, Fenton, Samuel C. Fessenden, Thomas A. D. Fessenden, Franchot, Frank, Goodwin, Gurley, Haight, Hale, Harrison, Hickman, Hooper, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kelley, Francis W. Kellogg, William Kellogg, Killinger, Lansing,

Lehman, Loomis, Lovejoy, Low, McKnight, McPherson, Maynard, Mitchell, Moorhead, Anson P. Morrill, Justin S. Morrill, Nixon, Noell, Olin, Patton, Timothy G. Phelps, Pike, Pomeroy, Porter, Potter, John H. Price, Riddle, Edward H. Rollins, Sargent, Sedgwick, Shanks, Sheffield, Shellabarger, Sherman, Sloan, Spaulding, Stevens, Stratton, Trimble, Trowbridge, Van Horn, Van Valkenburgh, Van Wyck, Verree, Walker, Washburne, Whaley, Albert S. White, Wilson, Windom, and Worcester—96.

Nayes—Messers. William J. Allen, Alley, Ancona, Ashley, Bailey, Biddle, Cobb, Roscoe Conkling, Conway, Cox, Cravens, Crisfield, Crittenden, Delano, Delaplaine, Diven, Dunlap, Gooch, Granger, Grider, Hall, Harding, Holman, Johnson, Kerrigan, Knapp. Law, Mallory' Menzies, Morris, Noble, Norton, Odell, Pendleton, Price, Alexander H. Rice, Richardson, Robinson, James S. Rollins, Segar, Shiel, Smith, John B. Steele, William G. Steele, Stiles, Benjamin F. Thomas, Francis Thomas, Train, Vallandingham, Voorhees, Ward, Chilton A. White, Wickliffe, Wright, and Yeaman—55.

The most active advocates of the bill in the House were William G. Brown, Kellian V. Whaley, and Jacob V. Blair, of Virginia; Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana; Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Edwards, of New Hampshire; Olin, of New York; Sheffield, of Rhode Island; Noell, of Missouri; Maynard; of Tennessee; and Hutchins and Bingham, of Ohio. Its most violent opposers were Segar, of Virginia; Conway, of Kansas; Daws, of Massachusetts; and Crittenden, of Kentucky.

When the bill went to President Lincoln, he requested the opinion of each member of his Cabinet in writing. Harlan was absent from the Capital but the other six responded and it appeared that Seward, Chase and Stanton recommended its approval, while Wells, Blair and Bates opposed it. With his advisers thus equally divided, the President jocosely remarked that it only confirmed an opinion which he had previously entertained, viz: that "A President is as well off without a Cabinet as with one." Congressman Jacob B. Blair, who was untiring in his efforts to secure the success of the measure, called on the President on the evening of the 31st of December, 1862, and was told by him to call in the morning and receive a "New Year's Gift." Inpatience combined with anxiety led the Congressman to call at the White House at an early hour, before the doors were opened. The President met him at a window and exhibiting the bill with his signature affixed, remarked: "Here is the New Year's Gift I promised you."

To make the required changes in the Constitution, President Hall reconvened the Constitutional Convention at Wheeling, February 12th, 1863. It did its work, and March 26th following, the people ratified the revised Constitution by a majority of seventeen thousand. The result was certified to President Lincoln, and he issued his proclamation on the 20th of April. When, therefore, the sixty days had expired—June 20, 1863—West Virginia began her career as a member of the Federal Union, and has now entered upon the thirtieth year of her existence as an independent Commonwealth.

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

NO. II.

BY HENRY W. BIGLER.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Upon the receipt of Mr. Bigler's manuscript last month and after the article was in type, the editor, believing from the character of the matter then in hand, that his articles would be of special interest and value, and being aware that intelligent readers of history feel much interest in the writer, whose work is rendered much more valuable because of a knowledge of the writer, wrote Mr. Bigler, and requested him to write something of himself, of his ancestry, childhood, and to explain how he—a West Virginian—happened to be present at the time of the discovery of gold in California. This seemed important for he is the only witness of that event, now living. To this, Mr. Bigler consented, and beginning with his earliest recollections of his West Virginia home, will write as though his article in the June number of this MAGAZINE had not appeared.]

ST. GEORGE, Utah, May 23, 1892.

Virgil A. Lewis, Esq.,

Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 16th instant just to hand, carefully read and contents noted. You wish a sketch of my early life, when and where born, my ancestry, when they came to what is now West Virginia; in short anything of my early childhood and how near Clarksburg I was born, etc." This I will do and in doing so, what has already been written might as well be laid aside, at least for the present, as there may be items connected with my life you would like to have before publishing what I have already sent you. I will begin as though nothing had been written and bring up my history from the time I was born, until 1848, when gold was found at Sutter's Mill by Marshall.

Your Magazine, I had forgotten to say, came to hand all right for which please accept thanks.

I was born August 28th, A D. 1815 near Shinston, Harrison county, now West Virginia, and about 12 miles from Clarksburg. My grand parents on the Bigler side were Dutch, they were from Bucks county, Pennsylvania. My great grandfather, Mark Bigler, came from the river Rhine in Holland; my father's name was Jacob, he was the son of Hannah and Jacob Bigler; my mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Harvey, whose parents were English. I was brought up a farmer's boy; schools in my day were poorly provided for; there was no blackboards and nice benches with backs, and to learn to spell, read, write and to cipher as far as the Rule of Three, was a finished education. I do not remember that grammar and geography were taught in any of the schools to which father sent me. My father was a hunter as well as farmer; game was plentiful and at proper seasons of the

year, his table was supplied with fat venison, wild turkey and honey. Nothing of note took place until the summer of 1836, when two Mormon elders came into the neighborhood and commenced preaching. The inquiry by some was, "Where did they come from?" An uncle of mine said he knew. "They had come from the moon and had found a new road to heaven, four hundred miles nearer than the old route." "But how did they get down?" The answer was, "They greased themselves and slid down on a rainbow." All this was to have a laugh, for at that time my uncle believed in no religion, but when he heard the elders preach he believed their preaching, joined the church and died in the faith. I joined the church in July, 1837, and so did my father. I was then in the 22nd year of my age. My father sold out and moved up to Far West, Missouri. He went up by land pitching his tent by the way. I went up in advance taking a few boxes of goods that could not well be taken in a wagon. I took steamer at Marietta on the Ohio river and landed at Richmond Landing on the Missouri river, 30 miles from Far West. I arrived at the latter place in June 1838, and it was here I first beheld the prophet Joseph Smith. In those days there were no railways, at least I had not seen any; journeys were performed on foot or by teams and wagons over poor roads, except on the rivers where steamboats plied between distant places on their banks. Turnpikes and graded roads were few and far between, stages for passengers there were none except the mail coach, and the United States mails where I lived was carried mostly on horse back, and the postage on a single letter was twenty-five cents.

While passing down the Ohio river and up the Mississippi, on my way to Far West, I saw nothing that took my attention as did the first Indian I ever saw; I met him in St. Louis; he was large in stature, was wrapped in his blanket, his countenance grave, and he seemed to be alone. I could not take my eyes away from him; I gazed and called to mind the book of Mormon, the record of his race as I verily believe it to be; as I gazed on the red man I was filled with pity for him and his people.

While passing up the Missouri our steamer came near running into a deer that was swimming the river; everybody on board sallied out to see the sight; we came so near it that one of the passengers threw a billet of wood at it.

Leaving the steamer at Richmond Landing, I set out across the country for Far West; having a rifle with me I shot a fox squirrel. This I did in order to have a fair chance to examine it, for I had never seen one before. I found it larger than the gray and black squirrels of Virginia and different in color. The back was red, mixed with gray and dark hair, the sides were streaked with red and it had a long bushy tail more or less red, and its bark somewhat resembled that of a fox, hence I suppose the name.

I was struck with the country, the richness of the soil from 4 to 6 and 8 feet deep, the beautiful, rolling prairies, millions of flowers of all hues, and the fine grass waving in its lovely green, and game so plentiful.

Almost in every grove of timber could be found the honey bee with

its rich stores laid up in the hollow trunks and limbs of trees. The climate I thought delightful; but the winters I believe are apt to be severe,

I had not been in Far West long when there were rumors that the Missourians were making threats to drive the Mormons out of the State, and this proved too true, for in August, of this year,—1838—at an election the Missourians undertook to prevent our people from voting; the result was a general knock-down with fists and clubs; here was a pretext for the mob; every sort of falsehood was sent broadcast—lies of the blackest kind concerning the Mormons; meetings in the various counties were held and resolutions passed to drive us from the county and if possible, out of the State. In vain our people appealed to the Governor, Silburn W. Boggs, for protection. He partook of the mob spirit and issued an order for some ten thousand troops to be mustered into service with orders to have the Mormons exterminated or driven from the State. The command of these troops was given to General Clark and an army of three or four thousand men under General D. Lucas, and Brigadier General Moses Wilson, marched directly to Far West, where they arrived the last of October and took a number of our leading men prisoners, among them Joseph Smith. Clark and his forces were a little in the rear; these prisoners were taken and tried by court martial and condemed to be shot the next morning at 8 o'clock, on the public square in Far West, but General Doniphan swore by his Maker that he would have nothing to do with the honor, as he "considered it cold blooded murder," and the next morning ordered his brigade to take up the line of march. This movement of Doniphan's no doubt saved the lives of the prisoners.

The same afternoon that General Lucas reached Far West, Cornelius Gillum, with his men, arrived and joined Lucas; these men of Gillum's were painted like Indians and Gillum himself painted with red spots and calling himself the Deleware Chief.

The following is Major General Clark's speech to the Mormons, delivered at Far West, while its citizens were held as prisoners November, 1838: "Gentlemen, you whose names are not on this list will now have the privilege of going to your fields to obtain grain for your families, wood, etc. Those that compose the list will go from thence to prison, to be tried and receive the due demerits of their crimes. But you are now at liberty, all but such as charges may hereafter be preferred against.

It now devolves upon you to fulfill the treaty that you have entered into, the leading items of which I now lay before you.

The first of these items you have already complied with, which is: that you deliver up your leading men to be tried according to law.

Second, that you deliver up your arms; this has been attended to. The third is: that you sign over your property to defray the expense of the war, this you have also done. Another thing yet remains for you to comply with, that is, that you leave the State forthwith; and whatever your feelings concerning this affair, whatever your innocence, it is nothing to me. General Lucas who is equal in authority with me, has made this treaty with you. I am determined

to see it executed. The orders of the Governor to me, were that you should be exterminated and not allowed to remain in the State, and had your leaders not been given up and the treaty complied with before this, you and your families would have been destroyed and your houses in ashes. There is a discretionary power resting in my hands, which I shall try to exercise for a season. I did not say that you must go *now*, but you must not think of stopping here another season or of putting in crops for the moment you do *the citizens will be upon you.* I am determined to see the Governor's orders fulfilled but shall not come upon you immediately.

Do not think that I shall act as I have done any more, but if I have to come again because the treaty which you have made, is not complied with, you need not expect any mercy, but extermination, for I am determined that the Governor's order shall be executed. As for your leaders, do not think, do not imagine for a moment, do not let it enter your mind that they will be delivered or that you will see their faces again for their fate is fixed; their die is cast, their doom is sealed. I am sorry, gentlemen, to see so great a number of apparently intelligent men found in the situation that you are, and oh! that I could invoke the Spirit of the unknown God to rest upon you and deliver you from that awful chain of superstition and liberate you from those fetters of fanaticism with which you are bound. I would advise you to scatter abroad and never again organize with bishops, presidents, etc , lest you excite the jealousies of the people and subject yourselves to the same calamities that have now come upon you. You have always been the aggressors, you have brought upon yourselves these difficulties by being disaffected and not being subject to rule, and my advice is, that you become as other citizens, lest by a recurrence of these events you bring upon yourselves inevitable ruin."

The Church, numbering from twelve to fifteen thousand souls, obeyed the Missouri authorities, and fled to Illinois, where they were kindly received by the people. The main body of the Church settled at Commerce, afterwards known as Nauvoo.

The following is taken from a Missouri paper, *The Banner of Liberty*: "The Governor of Missouri has negotiated a State loan with the Bank of Missouri, of three hundred and forty thousand dollars. Of this sum, two hundred thousand dollars are to go towards paying the expense of the troops called out to drive the Mormons from the State." The following is from the *Boone's Lick Democrat*, of January 9th, 1839: A letter under date 29th November, 1838, has been written by Michael Arthur, of Clay county, to the delegation from that county in the General Assembly, now in session, from which the following is an extract: "Humanity to an injured people prompts me at present to address you this. You were aware of the treatment to some extent before you left home, received by that unfortunate race of beings called Mormons, from devils in the form of human beings; inhabiting Davis, Livingston, and part of Ray counties. Not being satisfied with a relinquishment of their rights as citi-

zens, and human beings in a treaty forced upon them by General Lucas, of giving up their arms, and throwing themselves upon the mercy of the State and their fellow citizens generally, hoping thereby to gain protection of their lives and property; they are now receiving treatment from these demons which makes humanity shudder and the cold chills run over any man not entirely destitute of humanity. Those demons are now strolling up and down Caldwell county in small companies armed, insulting the women in any and every way, and plundering the Mormons of all the means of sustenance (scanty as it was) left them, driving off their cattle, horses, hogs, etc., and rifling their houses and farms of every thing thereon; taking beds, bedding, wardrobes and such things as they see they want, leaving the Mormons in a starving and naked condition. These are facts I have from authority that cannot be questioned, and can be maintained and substantiated at any time." The following is from Quincy (Ill.) *Argus*, March 16th, 1839: "We have no language sufficiently strong for the expression of our indignation and shame at the recent transaction in our sister State, and that State, Missouri, a State of which we had long been proud, alike for her men and history, but now so fallen that we could wish her star stricken out from the bright constellation of the Union. We say we know of no language sufficiently strong for the expression of our shame and abhorence of her recent conduct. She has written her own character in letters of blood and stained it by acts of merciless cruelty and brutality that water of ages cannot efface. It will be observed that an organized mob, aided by many of the civil and military officers of Missouri, with Governor Boggs at their head, have been the prominent actors in this business, incited too, it appears, against the Mormons by political hatred and by the additional motives of plunder and revenge. They have too well put in execution their threats of extermination and expulsion, and fully wreaked their vengeance on a body of industrious and enterprising men, who had never wronged or wished to wrong them, but on the contrary, had ever comported themselves as good and honest citizens, living under the laws and having the same rights with themselves to the sacred immunities of life, liberty and property."

It was in early spring, 1839, that I arrived in Quincy, Illinois. I went to work on a farm at the rate of twelve dollars per month. In the following August, at a Conference held in Quincy, by the members of our Church, I was chosen and set apart to go on a mission to preach the Gospel, having previously been ordained an Elder. I went to Virginia, my native State, where my labors as a minister of the Gospel were mostly confined until I heard of the death of Joseph Smith and his brother Hyram, who were killed on the 27th June, 1844, by an armed force, painted black, of from 150 to 200 persons; they were both shot after they were dead, in a brutal manner, each receiving four balls. The mob had said that "the law could not reach them but powder and ball would." They were innocent of any crime, as they had often been proved before, and were only confin-

ed in Carthage jail by the conspiracy of traitors and wicked men, and shed their innocent blood on the floor of that prison.

At the time I heard of the death of the Prophet and his brother, I was standing in a store in the town of Ripley, the county seat of Jackson county, Virginia, (now West Virginia,) when a lawyer, Joseph Smith, of that place, told me there were papers in mourning for me at the postoffice; going there I found to my intense sorrow the rumors confirmed, concerning their death. I felt like weeping and a feeling of loneliness came over me The paper that gave me the sad news, advised all Elders, out on missions to cease preaching, unless expressly invited to speak, and to return home.

In May, 1844, a State Convention was held in Nauvoo, when it was moved, and seconded, and carried, that Joseph Smith, of Illinois, be the choice of this Convention for President of the United States, and Sidney Rigdon, Vice-President.

At the time intelligence came to me of Joseph Smith's death, I had with me his "Views on the Powers and Policy of the General Government," also the correspondence between him and Henry Clay. There were many who read the Prophet's views, who declared they would sooner vote for Smith than for Polk, for the latter they knew nothing about and they would risk the Mormon Prophet. I returned home to my father's house on Bear Creek, sixteen miles south of Nauvoo.

In the autumn of 1845, mob parties began to burn the property of our people living in the outer settlements of Hancock county, driving men, women and children from their homes, setting fire to their dwellings and stacks of grain. My father and family was forced to pack up and move into Nauvoo for safety.

The sheriff of the county did all he could to quell the mobs and stop the burning and driving, but this seemed only to enrage them the more.

[*To be Continued.*]

GEN. DANIEL MORGAN.

BY CHARLES LAUBACH, OF DURHAM.

[Read before the Historical Society of Bucks County, Pa., January 21st, 1899.]

Among the illustrious characters whose names are inscribed upon the bright record that adorns the annals of our country, few stood upon more elevated ground than the subject of our sketch, General Daniel Morgan; and it may be properly remarked that the name of his family is honorably recorded in the history of earlier and and later times.

It has been borne by gallant and successful warriors, by firm and gallant statesmen, and is illustrious alike in the annals of colonial times as well as in the later era.

This circumstance, it is true, can add nothing to the dignity of him whose life we are about to sketch, and from whose acts posterity will, perhaps claim a truer glory, but the facts preserved among the records seem properly entitled to insertion.

The earliest authentic record introduces to us the name of Morgan in this section at a period when military prowess was indiscriminately exerted for the promotion of good or bad ends.

The record shows that with the development of the iron industry in Durham, came an influx of prominent iron workers, capitalists and adventurers. The Morgans belonged to the former class who came to develop the iron resources of this then comparative wilderness. General Daniel Morgan, the subject of this sketch, brigadier-general of the regular line during the Revolutionary war, was a son of James and Sarah Morgan, of Durham township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. The precise spot of the Morgan residence is on the east side of the public road leading from Durham to Riegelsville, where this road crosses Durham creek bridge, and where a small tributary (the Brandywine) empties into said creek.

The foundations of the Morgan residence were taken up some twenty-five years ago, under the supervision of the writer. A portion of the hearthstone is walled into the lower corner of the limekiln nearest the creek, erected by the Laubach Brothers, in 1886.

His parents were from Wales; the precise date of their arrival at Durham cannot be ascertained.

James Morgan, the father of General Morgan, was, however, connected with the Durham iron works at an early period, as iron master. His son, Daniel, was born in the Morgan residence, in the winter of 1736, on plat No. 30, on the farm of the writer, as noted above. James Morgan resided here while employed at the iron works, and here the General spent his early years, aiding his father at the forge. After attaining the age of seventeen years, (1753,) young Morgan finding time hanging heavily, he went to Greenwich Forge, near Finesville, New Jersey, this forge being run at that time as an adjunct to the Durham furnace and forges. Here he remained until some time in 1754, when he went to Virginia and hired with Farmer Roberts, near Charlestown, in Jefferson county, (then Berkeley county). At the expiration of one year, Braddock's expidition against the French and Indians was spoken of as an event certainly to take place during the ensuing summer. Morgan resolved to join the expedition,

The year 1755, was rendered memorable in the annals of history by the unfortuate expedition and defeat of General Braddock. Morgan joined the expedition as driver of a baggage wagon and was present at the disastrous battle which ensued. Almost all the baggage wagons, provision, and artillery, fell into the hands of the French and Indians. During the course of this campaign, Morgan was unjustly punished; under a charge of insolence to a British officer, he was brought to the halbret, where he received five hundred lashes. The British officer being afterwards convinced of his cruel error, made every amend in his power to the maltreated Morgan, who, satisfied with the officer's contrition, magnanimously forgave him. Nor did his recollection of this personal outrage operate in the least to the prejudice of the British officer during the war. During the Revolutionary struggle, when Morgan

himself was an officer of high rank, many British officers fell into his hands, yet he always treated them with great magnanimity and kindness. The General would, at times, when in conversation with his intimate friends, recount this narrative of his army experience; he always concluded the narration by saying in a jocular way that "King George" was indebted to him one lash yet, for the drummer discounted one, and knew very well when he did it; so he only received four hundred and ninety-nine when he was promised five hundred. In 1756, Morgan held an ensign's commission, and nearly lost his life while bearing important dispatches to headquarters, by accidentally coming on an Indian ambuscade. Both companions were killed. He escaped severely wounded, a musket ball entering the back of his neck, passing through his left cheek, knocking out many of his teeth on that side. The scar of this wound was visible through his life. The General being an active, muscular man, often in the earlier campaigns indulged in the pleasant pastime of prize fighting. At one time his superior in rank became involved in a quarrel. Morgan's quick eye discovering at a glance that his captain would come out of the fight second best, begged him to let him take his place. The captain agreeing to this, Morgan gave the insolent fellow a complete threshing. At the close of the French and Indian war with Great Britain, 1763, Morgan returned to his home in Virginia, where he married and settled in Clark county, being now twenty-seven years of age. He remained here until the outbreak of the Revolutionary war.

Through the kindness of John Morgan, Esq., of Poca, Putnam county, West Virginia, who is a lineal descendant of the Morgan family, we are privileged to furnish the following interesting quotation from the historical and biographical sketch of General Thomas Posey:

"In 1774, troubles with the Indians broke out on the western Virginia frontier, the savages being incited to hostilities by British emissaries. Washington was prominent in the campaign which was inaugurated and held an important position in the Quartermaster Department. A little later, Washington was at the head of the Continental forces." General Posey's biographer says: He (Washington) had just joined the army, and young as he was, had been immediately appointed captain. Soon after Captain Posey joined the main army, Washington, now commanding general, directed a selection of officers and men from the different corps to compose a rifle regiment to be commanded by Colonel Daniel Morgan. Young Posey was one of the captains of this rifle regiment, commanded by Colonel Morgan, afterwards General Morgan." No mention is made in this biography of what influences gave Posey the commission of captain in the *crack* command of the Continental army. The rifle regiment thus formed by the direct orders of General Washington, not only did noble service, subduing the blood-thirsty savages, but continued in service, following the fortunes of Washington through all his campaigns, including the Revolutionary war. Throughout these eight momentous and soul-harrassing years, this noble band of soldiers were led by our gallant and il-

lustrious Morgan. This same rifle regiment is the one so often referred to by history as sent to occupy important and dangerous posts, and establish order and peace wherever or whenever occasion required it.

In the memorable invasions of Canada in 1775, so full of successes, defeats, hardships and sufferings, we find Morgan at the head of this body of riflemen. In the ill-fated expedition which started from Cambridge, in the middle of September, which was to penetrate Canada by ascending the Kenebec river, and descending the Chaudiere river, under General Arnold, Morgan with his body of riflemen composed the head of the column. Green and Morgan's division started two days before the main portion of the army. The route was through thick woods, the army cutting their way and at other times, over rough, craggy and rocky ground peculiar to that country—Morgan and Green, and Meigs and Biglow, worked as hard as the men all the time In the course of time, the Division run short of provision, and all the dogs that were with it were killed and eaten, thus saving the brave army from utter annihilation or until provision reached them. Out of the nine hundred men who started with the expedition, only six hundred and seventy-five reached Canada. General Morgan and his band of sharpshooters were known throughout the army as a band of "never fails." They could always depend on Morgan and his men showing the toughest kind of fighting.

History tells us that when Morgan took up his march to the Canadian frontier with his company of Virginia riflemen, while passing through Bucks county, he stopped a week to rest his men at a tavern at the junction of the north and west branch of the Neshaminy. The tavern was kept by a German named Rungle, and while here Morgan's men amused themselves practicing rifle shooting. We have no direct evience that Morgan on his route to Canada, stopped at Durham, which was on his way, to visit his parents who were still residing here; his father still being connected with the iron works as the records go to show. But this we consider but natural as the General had now attained the age of forty years, and having been away from Durham twenty-three years. Great changes had been going on in Durham in the meantime; two furnaces being in operation now, the one a *stockofen* of small capacity, however; besides the clearing of the timber, from the surrounding country, and last, but not the least, the removal of the warlike Shawnee Indians from this section to the Susquehanna river.

Time and space do not allow us to follow Morgan through the momentous years from 1777 to 1781. During these years, however, Morgan was constantly at the head of his regiment of riflemen, and during the year 1781, he routed and captured a detachment of British troops in the western part of South Carolina, at the Cowpens. This event checked the operations of the British troops in the Southern States, and Morgan was thenceforth known as the hero of the Cowpens. This sudden discomfiture of the British by General Morgan's riflemen exasperated Lord Cornwallis, who was at the time turning his attention to North Carolina. Cornwallis now suddenly changed his base of operations

and went in pursuit of Morgan and his troops. General Greene hearing of this movement, hastened to the rescue of Morgan with re-inforcements and came up with Cornwallis at Guilford Court House, where, on the 8th of May, a severe engagement took place. The British lost in killed and wounded about 500 men; the Americans about 400. On the 25th of the same month, another engagement took place, and on June 8th, another severe engagement followed resulting in great loss of life to both British and Americans. Greene and Morgan having succeeded in driving the British to the sea-coast, now commenced recuperating their forces which had dwindled by these severe engagements to a very small army of men. The Tories and British sympathizers were compelled to flee the country, and sorely harrassed people in that section, began to enjoy rest from war.

Before the close of this eventful year, on the 19th of October, 1781, Lord Cornwallis, with his army of 7,000 men, was compelled to surrender. The war in the South was now nearly ended; but the divisions of Greene and Morgan remained in Virginia.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, Gen. Morgan having now attained his forty-eighth year, retired to his home in Virginia, and remained here until his death, on July 6th, 1802, excepting two years which he served in the Continental Congress. His health failing him, he retired from Congress before the expiration of his term In person, Morgan was stout and active, six feet tall, not too much encumbered with flesh, and was admirably fitted for the toils and pomp of war. No man ever lived who loved better this world, and no man valued less his life than Morgan when duty called him to meet his foe.

General Morgan, like thousands of mortals when nearly worn out by the hand of time, resorted for mental comfort, to the solace of religion. He manifested great penitence for the follies of his early life; this was followed by his joining the Presbyterian church in full communion, with which he continued until he died. His remains lie buried at Winchester, Virginia.

THE ANCIENT ENGLISH AND COLONIAL FAMILY OF PEYTON, OF VIRGINIA, TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF ITS EMINENT MEMBERS.

NO. III.

In the following letter Mr. Peyton's political sentiments are discovered to have been those of an old line Whig.

WHIG PRINCIPLES.

During the Presidential campaign of 1843-1844, while Mr. Peyton was in the Senate of Virginia, he wrote the following letter to the Committee of the Amherst Festival.

STAUNTON, VA., Oct. 28th, 1843.

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 2nd instant, inviting me on behalf of the Whigs of Amherst county, to be present at a festival to be held at Amherst C. H., on the 19th of the

present month, for promoting the Whig cause, has just reached me. I regret for reasons unnecessary to be detailed that it will not be in my power to accept your polite invitation. You judge rightly, however, in supposing that I cordially unite with you in the objects you have in view. The next Presidential election is so important and deeply interesting to the Nation, that it cannot be too soon taken into consideration. The issues involved in it are the same with those before the people in 1840, and affect so vitally the public welfare, that too much care cannot be bestowed upon our proper and efficient organization—not only to prevent the evils arising from misrepresentation and falsehood by disseminating correct information, but to secure a full and fair expression of the public sentiment. If these issues are clearly explained, together with the mode and manner in which the Whigs have been disappointed in carrying their measures into effect by the death of Presidsnt Harrison, I do not fear a different result in the coming election from that of 1840. Our opponents have not yet designated their candidate. As yet we are uninformed whether we are to encounter the subtle abstractions of the South Carolina nullifier, or the wily artifices of the "northern man with southern principles," or whether we are to face both. Not so with the Whigs. Henry Clay is so identified with the Whig cause and with Whig principles, that "all tongues speak of him, and the bleared lights are spectacled to see him." He is distinctly pointed out in all parts of the Union as the Whig candidate for the Presidency. Let then no time be lost, let Whig clubs be formed in every county; let the people be informed what Whig principles are, and why the battle of 1840, is to be fought over again; let them know that the Whigs are not only in favor of a sound currency, but one of uniform value throughout the Union—a National currency, consisting partly of gold and silver, and partly of paper convertible at pleasure into specie; and that they maintain, in the present commercial condition of our country and of the world, this species of currency can be best secured by a well regulated National Bank. Let them know that we prefer indirect to direct taxation—that we are the friends of a tariff to raise the necessary revenues for the support of the government, so arranged as to protect home industry and to create a home market. Let them know that we advocate a distribution of the monies arising from a sale of the public lands, and that we are not willing that a fund pledged by the States for specific objects shall, after those objects are secured, be diverted to others, not contemplated by the parties at the creation of the trust. Let them know that we are, as our name indicates, the friends of National liberty; that we are for the preserving of the ballances of power, as established by the constitution, among the three coordinate branches of the government. That we are the enemies of monarchy, and all the monarchical tendencies of our government—that we wish to restrain executive power and patronage and to secure an economical administration of the finances.

If these topics are fully discussed and the people made to clearly comprehend their force and bearing, the

election of a Whig President next year can scarcely be doubted.

You will pardon me for entering on these subjects at such length when addressing those more capable of doing them justice and more interested in the result than myself. I am an old man, and cannot expect to reap many of the fruits of a Whig victory, but I have a country and a family that will enjoy them and hence my deep interest in their success. As I cannot personally be present, permit me to offer you a sentiment: *May a retreating Whig in the contest of 1843-4 be a character unknown and unheard of.*

Accept the assurance of my respect and esteem.

JOHN H. PEYTON.

CONSENTING TO BE A CANDIDATE FOR THE SENATE.

STAUNTON, May, 1839.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—Having authorized my name to be placed before you as a candidate to represent you in the Senate of Virginia, I deem it a duty I owe alike to you and myself to make a plain and distinct avowal of my political sentiments.

Though it is true a member of the Senate of Virginia has little to do with Federal politics, and may not during his whole term of service be called on to express a single opinion upon them, yet in a representative republic, it is not only proper that the political sentiments of a candidate should be distinctly understood, but it is equally proven that he should possess political sentiments congenial with those of his constituents.

Under this impression I make the following brief statement: I came into public life after the period of the election of James Madison as President of the United States. I served as a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia, the two sessions of 1800-9, 1809-10. I was a friend to the election of Mr. Madison and the warm and zealous advocate of the measures of his administration. Among the measures to which I gave my hearty support was the establishment of the late Bank of the United States. Since that period I have not mingled in politics; as a citizen, however, I approved generally of the administration of James Monroe, and was opposed to the election of his successor, John Quincy Adams.

I advocated the election of Andrew Jackson and supported most of the measures of his administration during his first term. I also voted reluctantly for his re-election. I disapproved of his veto of the bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States, and the *ad captandum* arguments used by him to justify the measure. I attributed the act then, however, more to the feeling created by the particular time, when Congress passed the bill —it being just previous to his second election—than any settled hostility on his part to a United States Bank.

Shortly after his election he commenced a train of measures to which I was utterly opposed; measures of a novel and alarming character, and which in their origin and in their subsequent development, brought distress and embarrassment upon the banks, upon the country at large, and especially upon all our great commercial interests. I allude to his wild, violent and undigested schemes of finance—commencing with his pet bank system, and ending with his order in council—the specie circular.

This warfare upon the Bank of the United States, the currency and the commerce of the nation reduced us, in 1837, to the degradation of witnessing a general suspension of specie payment by the banks. These acts, connected with the corrupting system of party discipline introduced by national administrations, with the view of compelling private judgment to succumb to the behest of party, completely separated me from the administration of Andrew Jackson.

His successor, who pledged himself in advance "to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor," and who has gone a bow-shot beyond him in obstinately pressing upon a free and intelligent people, his thrice rejected scheme of a sub-treasury—to him and his measures I have always been strenuously opposed.

Upon those subjects which fall more legitimately within the scope of the duties of a Virginia State Senator, in advancing and promoting the great cause of internal improvements and in the diffusion of light and knowledge among our people, and in the general objects of legislation, my interest is identified with yours.

Finally, occupying the relation I now do, fellow citizens, towards you, by no procurement of my own, but having been pressed into it by the solicitations of friends, I have thought it right, thus briefly, but at the same time, explicitly, to state my political views, I have felt this duty the more imperative because having been once a supporter of General Jackson's administration, and no public occasion having since occurred, except at the polls, to make my subsequent opinions known, were I silent some might cast their votes in this election under a misapprehension as to my sentiments. Whilst then I would regard an election to the Senate of Virginia as a flattering proof of your confidence—I could not but regard that confidence misplaced and valueless were it bestowed by the people without knowing where and how I stand.

JOHN H. PEYTON.

In a speech in Staunton during the canvas, which resulted in Mr. Peyton's election by a triumphant majority, he maintained the following propositions: 1. "That the will of the people is the source of power. That government is instituted for the benefit of the whole people. That there should be a clearly defined and well preserved separation of the three great departments of our government, the executive, legislative and judicial: That there should be a uniform and well regulated currency, the same for the government and the people; there should be retrenchment in public expenditure, economy in administration and honesty in the disbursement of public funds—a diminution in Executive patronage, to be secured by a restoration to the people of the power unconstitutionally usurped by the executive, and by rescuing the government from the hands of those who regard it merely as subservient to the purposes of party; by restricting the veto to its true legal intent; by the prohibition of the appointment to office of members of congress; by causing the appointment of more great officers coming directly from the people, by removing public money from executive control and by uncompromising opposition to all attempts to tamper

with the constitutional organization of the Supreme Court; by the performance of their constitutional duty by Congress. without Executive interference; reform in all the executive departments, close and rapid conformity to legislative appropriations; a well digested and severe system of responsibility and strict accountability; one presidential term; no Treasury bank; the secretary of the Treasury and Post-master-General to be elected by Congress and Federal officers to be prohibited by law from interference with elections."

After serving four years in the Senate, where his influence was paramount and always exerted for the public good, he was selected without opposition for a second term. His letter announcing his purpose to retire from the public councils was in these words.

Richmond, Feb, 1843.

To the voters of the senatorial district composed of the counties of Augusta and Rockbridge,

Fellow Citizens:—The term for which I was elected your Senator is drawing to a close, and as it is not my purpose to become again a candidate for your suffrages, I feel it a duty incumbent on me to apprise you of it thus early, that you may have full time to select for yourselves a suitable successor.

In taking leave of the district I tender you my grateful acknowledgments for the distinguished favor which you conferred upon me four years ago by electing me to the station I now occupy; whilst acting in the discharge of the duties devolved upon me by this devoted trust it has been my anxious desire to promote your immediate interest and the general welfare of my native State. That such is the opinion of my constituents I have not had the slightest reason to doubt.

Under such circumstances it would be both my pride and pleasure to again serve you were it not for my peculiar situation.

I have now arrived at that period of life when the quiet and repose of the domestic fireside are much better suited to my taste and more congenial to my feelings than the arena of politics and the strife of parties. Besides this, I have duties to discharge to a young and growing family, incompatible with a longer continuance in public life.

I have felt the less difficulty in coming to this conclusion because I know that I can do so without injury to the Whig cause or Whig principles, in the success of which the people of my district feel so deep an interest. Their intelligence furnishes ample assurance that my place will be filled wisely and judiciously; and that they will call into their service some one fully competent to the discharge of all the high duties of the station, and who will devote himself to the furtherance of these great principles and sound measures of public policy which in the enlightened judgment of my constituents lie at the basis of all national prosperity. Your fellow citizen, JOHN H. PEYTON.

Notwithstanding this withdrawal, he was nominated by a district convention, held in Lexington, and re-elected without opposition, while absent from the district. During his second term he sustained a serious injury from the falling of his horse while riding upon a steep hillside on

one of his estates in Allegheny. Shortly afterward he was struck down by apoplexy at his home in Augusta, and on partial recovery resigned his seat in the Senate, and the office of Commonwealth Attorney which he had held with great satisfaction and advantage to the public for over thirty years.

On the 1st of June, 1844, this order was made by the county court of Augusta:

John Howe Peyton, Esq., who has acted as Commonwealth's Attorney in this court for 32 years, having this day resigned said office, the Justices of the county in full session at their June term, do with unanimous consent express their high sense of Mr. Peyton's long and valuable services. They add a willing testimony to the distinguished ability, fidelity and zeal with which he has guarded the interest of the Commonwealth as a public prosecutor, and the commendable courtesy which has marked his intercourse with the court, as becoming a public officer and a representative of the Commonwealth.

And it is the order of the court that this testimony, as an additional tribute of respect, be spread upon the records.

The following anecdotes or reminiscences selected from a mass of others show the estimate in which he was held by his contemporaries. The opening sentence of Mr. Michie's speech below is in itself a biography "*I regret the course which the counsel on the other side have pursued in going out of the record to assail my client —a man who has served his country with distinguished ability in various civil positions in time of peace, who has honorably and gallantly served and sacrificed his property for his country in time of war—a man whose honor and integrity have never been impeached in this or any other community, before this or any other tribunal; and so help me God I will not suffer him, old as he is, to be hunted down by the blood hounds now on his track.*"

AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE OF JOHN H. PEYTON.

At the November term, 1843, of the Circuit Superior Court of Staunton, a case which had excited great public interest, in which the late Hon. John H. Peyton was one of the parties was tried. It had reference to a change in the Hebron Church road through Montgomery Hall, on the lands of Mr. Peyton. Some time before a portion of the public road running entirely through these lands was closed by order of the County Court on Mr. Peyton's motion, and another road established—the same road now, in 1892, in use. The closing of the road gave great offence to a neighborhood commonly called the North Mountain neighborhood. Upon their petition at a subsequent term af the County Court the order obtained by Mr. Peyton was, during his absence in the Senate at Richmond, rescinded, thus re-establishing the road which had been closed at his instance. From this decision Mr. Peyton shortly afterwards appealed to the Circuit Court, then the appellate tribunal in such cases. Before the case came on for trial there was an excited controversy in the newspapers in regard to the whole matter, in which it was freely charged that the order of Court obtained by Mr. Peyton was in the nature of a purchase and sale of the public rights in the road. When the

case came on for argument before Judge Lucas P. Thompson, the excitement among the friends of the parties was intense, the Court-house was crowded to overflowing, principally by the people of the North Mountain neighborhood.

For Mr. Peyton two of the most prominent members of the Staunton bar appeared, Thomas J. Michie and Hugh W. Sheffey; the other side was represented by A. H. H. Stuart and David Fultz.

The opening argument for Mr. Peyton was delivered by Mr. Sheffey, the junior counsel. He made a strong legal argument, closely following the record and confining himself strictly to the merits of the case. He was followed by Messrs. Stuart and Fultz, who maintained the very remarkable proposition that the order of County Court obtained by Mr. Peyton was an invasion and violation of the public rights which could be redressed in no other way than by annulling that order at a subsequent term of the County Court as had actually been done, and unless this last proceeding could be sustained, they contended that their clients would be the victims of a wrong for which they would be absolutely without remedy. In some of their remarks they were understood by Mr. Michie to assail Mr. Peyton personally. The Court adjourned until the next morning when the excitement was greater and the crowd larger.

In the opening of his remarks the next day Mr. Michie, who was evidently very much excited, said: "I regret the course which the counsel on the other side have pursued in going out of the record to assail my client—a man who has served his country with distinguished ability in various civil positions in time of peace, who has honorably and gallantly served and sacrificed his property for his country in time of war—a man whose honor and integrity have never been impeached in this or any other community, before this or any other tribunal. And so help me God, I will not suffer him, old and respectable as he is, to be hunted down by the blood-hounds now on his track." At this point Mr. Stuart jumped to his feet and disclaimed any intention to assail Mr. Peyton, to which Mr. Michie retorted, "I suppose the gentleman will not have forgotten that he charged that the public rights had been bought and sold." Mr. Stuart insisted that he had made no attack on Mr. Peyton. Mr. Michie then delivered a powerful and earnest speech, in which the positions of his adversaries were literally paralyzed. He declared as to the North Mountain people that they had come to Staunton in crowds and had attempted to brow-beat the halls of justice.

Judge Thompson in delivering his opinion on the case decided that the original order of the County Court obtained by Mr. Peyton was a valid and legal one and that the remedy which the other parties had, if indeed, the public convenience required that the old road should be kept open, was to petition the Court under the general road law of Virginia, to open the road *de novo*—thus deciding the whole case in Mr. Peyton's favor. Thus ended a controversy which had excited a degree of feeling rarely exhibited in a case where so small a pecuniary or property interest was involved.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN H. PEYTON.

I remember Mr. Peyton's personal

appearance and manners well. He made a great impression on me as a youth, and I never knew any man who had more of what Edmund Burke styled the chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound. His humanity and sense of right were deeply aroused in a case which occurred in Bath county in 1842, in which a man for speculative purposes sought to take the person and property of a girl of weak mind from the custody of her brothers. He was represented by John W. Brokenbrough, afterwards U. S. Judge for Western Virginia. Mr. Peyton appeared for the girl and her brothers and in opposition to the proposition made by Brokenbrough's client delivered an impromptu speech in which the mean, selfish, cruel and avericious nature of the proposition was so clearly and mercilessly exposed that Brokenbrough did not even attempt to reply, and the presiding Judge, E. S. Duncan, a half-brother of Judge J. J. Allen, deceased, instantly decided that the custody of the girl and her property should remain in the hands of her brothers. It was evident that Mr. Peyton's high and generous nature was filled with indignation at what he regarded as a most atrocious proposition, and he spoke with an animation, warmth and energy probably never exceeded in any other effort of his long and distinguished professional career.

HISTORICUS.

[*To be continued*]

ROCK SHELTERS, INDIAN ANTIQUITIES AND "THE LOST MINE" ON THE BUCKHANNON RIVER, WEST VIRGINIA.

BY L. V. M'WHORTER.

On July 16 1891, in company with Hon. G. F. Queen, the writer made a hasty trip to "Indian Camp," and "Ash Camp," situated about fourteen and eighteen miles, respectively, above the city of Buckhannon, on the waters of the Buckhannon river, in Upshur county, West Virginia.

These camps are typical rock shelters located on an old Indian trail, some four miles apart, and, if we can judge from our hasty and incomplete examination of their floor accumulations, they have been favorite camps of the hunter bands of Indians, perhaps the Algonquin family, who roamed through this region, and later of the white pioneer of historic times. Our short stay of one day did not permit the extensive excavations necessary to a complete investigation of the true character and history of the shelters.

"Ash Camp," situated on Ten Mile creek on the land of Mr. Harvey Brown, on a mountain side facing to the east, measures about 73 feet across the entrance, reaches back, near center 54 feet, and is 21½ feet high at entrance and gradually slopes down to 2½ feet at fartherest depth of natural formations in a wall of carboniferous sandstone, and it answered well the purpose for which it was chosen.

Among the large blocks of stone

scattered over a greater portion of the floor, are ashes and vegetable mould (the latter predominating) in quantity, in which slight and hurried excavations were made.

However, there were found fragments of common Indian pottery composed of clay and crushed shells, a fragment of a bone awl, numerous flint chips, split and broken bones, Ohio shells, the molar of a bear, and a fragment of a bear's skull, split, evidently, for extracting the brains.

In a small ash heap at the mouth of the camp were found a prong of a buck's antler (natural), fragments of clay pottery, and a piece of a statite vessel.

Near this small heap and directly in the "drip" of the overhanging rock, we found a human tooth, molar, fairly well preserved.

But here, unfortunately the irrepressible "treasure-seeker," hunting for traditional "buried treasure," has been at work excavating and mixing up the contents of the floor in such a manner that its value has in greater part, perhaps, been lost to science.

Still there may yet be enough undisturbed remains, if properly examined, to yield something of interest and to tell the true story of this camp."

INDIAN CAMP.

This camp is situated on Indian Camp Run on the farm of Mr. Lathan Phillips in an outcropping of carboniferous sandstone. It is of natural origin and measures about 50 feet across its entrance, 26 feet in depth and at entrance is 12½ feet high with a uniform sinking of the roof to the back of the shelter, where its height is from 4 to 6 feet.

Facing due East, the earliest sun shines into its inmost depths. So sheltered is it that the fiercest storm lodges neither snow nor rain beneath its roof.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more perfect *natural* shelter, and we should not be surprised at the fact that at a very early period, it was a chosen retreat of the red hunter, who was only attracted to this region by its abundance of game, and of the early white pioneer scout and hunter.

Indeed, it is a known fact than an early settler, with his family, sheltered here one entire summer, while he was erecting his cabin, and that a large congregation of people has assembled beneath its roof in worship.

Here, as at the former shelter, our observations were necessarily hurried and unsatisfactory.

Slight excavations were made in the ashes and vegetable mould, in which not only was found the ordinary pottery, but a fragment of a *solid* sand *stone-vessel.*

This fragment, measuring 2¼x4 inches is from the upper portion of the vessel, showing rim, where it is ¾ of an inch thick, and one small lip—or rim projecting, serving as a handhold. Its surface still retains the deep scars left by the grinding or rubbing stone.

This vessel, when perfect, must have measured across from inner part of the rim, about eleven inches, with a depth of about three inches. In form it was not unlike an ordinary wash-basin, with, perhaps, an oval bottom—a characteristic of most Indian pottery.

Here we also found numerous flint chips, one wide flint arrow point, a wide scraper of flint, a perfect bone awl or perforator, numerous frag-

ments of bird and animal bones—the latter invariably split for the purpose of extracting the marrow, a savage delicacy, a molar of a bear, front of a buck's antler, a perfect Ohio shell, with numerous fragments.

Undisturbed ashes mixed with bone and Ohio fragments were found at a depth of two feet, at which point our observations ceased.

Also, Mr. Lathan Phillips presented us with a part of a steatite vessel, a piece of slate gorgit and two good flint arrow points, all of which had been found here.

It is said that human remains have been exhumed here—probably the ghastly remains of a party of thirteen Indians, who were massacred here by the whites in the last quarter of the past century.

To the writer, while standing on an altar-like stone at the entrance of this shelter, with the brow of its overhanging rock crowned with laurel in full bloom, with its surrounding copse and silent rocks, it looked a fit sepulcher—as it had been an abode for the last of the Algonquins of this region.

These camps have been brought to the notice of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, and the West Virginia Historical and Antiquarian Society, and it is earnestly hoped that the Directors of at least one of these honorable bodies will take immediate steps towards a thorough investigation of its floor debris.

We also visited the "Lost Mines," situated a few hundred yards east of Indian Camp.

Here we witnessed the vast amount of excavating recently done by the "fortune seeker."

We had pointed out to us the "Frying Pan," carved on the face of the cliff, and an old drill mark on the angular side of a bowlder.

We were shown where the furnace for smelting the ore, with fragments of basketry, an old moccasin, and pieces of lead, were found at a depth of from five to seven feet beneath the surface.

And hard by, in a beautiful grotto known as the "Chimney rocks," we were shown a compass or pointer, now partially obliberated, carved on a bowlder, all which, tradition says, were left by a party of Spanish miners in the Eighteenth century, who, after they had extracted a vast amount of silver bullion, were assailed by a warrior band of Indians, compelled to desert the mine, and being unable to transport their treasure, buried it and fled for their lives, leaving the above mentioned and various other "pointers" to guide their return to recover their hidden wealth.

But as tradition has it, most of the the unfortunate Castilians fell before the arrows and bullets of the pursuing foe; and the charts and maps (one of which we have in our possession) locating this "buried treasure" have been scattered, and now the "treasure seeker" finds innumerable difficulties in his path.

Real or fanciful, this mine and its traditions are interesting, and it is desirous that its legends be gathered and preserved.

The writer is desirous of collecting the traditions and early incidents relating to the pioneer settlements of this and surrounding region.

Many unrecorded incidents of historic interest, have been handed down from the early pioneer, from father to son, but in this bustling age, will soon pass into oblivion unless speedily recorded.

THE ZANES—FOUNDERS OF WHEELING.

BY JOSIAH H. SHINN.

De Haas, the historian of Northern Virginia, says that the Zanes are of Danish origin, and that they first moved to France, thence to England, and finally to America; that one branch settled in New Jersey, nearly opposite to Philadelphia, and the other in Virginia. The question may very properly be raised whether the original family was not of Italian origin?

Robert Zane is referred to by Thomas Sharp, of New Jersey, as being from Dublin. Judge Clement in his "First Settlers of Newton Township, N. J.," says that all authorities agree that Robert Zane was one of the members of the Friend's Meeting established at Salem, N. J., in 1675. He probably came over with Fenwick.

He soon moved to Newton Township, nearly opposite Philadelphia, where he remained until he died in 1694. That he was from Dublin is attested by a deed dated April 12, 1677, made by Edward Bylinge and his trustees to Robert Turner, of Dublin, "Robert Zane, of Dublin, Serge Maker," and others, for one share of "propriety" in West New Jersey. See First Settlers of Newton Township, page 13.

His children were Nathaniel, Robert, Elnathan, Simeon, Mary, Esther and Sarah. The second, Robert, died in 1744. The children of Nathaniel, the eldest, were, Joseph, Jonathan, Ebenezer, Isaac, William, Margaret, Abigail and Hannah. Nathaniel died in 1727. The children of the second Robert, were: Robert, Joseph, William, Simeon, Isaac, Rebecca, Rachel, Elizabeth, Esther and Sarah.

Isaac Zane, a grand-son of the second Robert, was captured by the Indians and remained with them for many years. This Isaac, on account of his services, was granted 10,000 acres of land in Southern Ohio. De Haas mentions Col. Ebenezer Zane, and two brothers, Jonathan and Silas, together with Isaac already referred to.

In the February number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, page 95, the following language occurs: "Here, too, in Berkeley county, (Oct. 7, 1747), was born Colonel Ebenezer Zane, the founder of Wheeling, the builder and defender of Fort Henry, and the superintendent of the construction of the National road from Wheeling by way of Zanesville, Ohio, to Limestone, Kentucky."

Now, it is universally admitted that this Berkeley county region was settled by a migration from the neighborhood of Philadelphia. It is also true that a large part of this first settlement was made up of Quakers or Friends.

What more natural conclusion than that the sons of the second Robert moved southwestwardly with the great current of settlers that swarmed into Virginia from and after 1732?

Instead of two settlements, one on the Delaware and the other in Virginia, is it not more probable that the Irish emigrant from Dublin was the ancestor of the Zanes in Berkeley, as he undoubtedly was of Isaac Zane, the great landed proprietor on Mad River, Ohio, and who is so frequently mentioned in connection with Col. Ebenezer Zane, of Wheeling?

Is De Haas right or wrong?

[EDITORIAL NOTE.] The above interesting inquiry relative to the Zanes is made by Hon. Josiah H. Shinn, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Arkansas, who is one of the foremost historical students of the South, and who traces his lineage to an honored Virginia ancestry. As is seen, he quotes De Haas, as to the nationality of the distinguished pioneers who bore the name of Zane, who says they were of Danish origin, while Mr. Shinn says "The question may very properly be raised whether they were not of Italian origin," and further asks whether "De Haas is right or wrong?"

May not both be correct? Nearly a thousand years ago the conquerers of Southern Europe went forth from the north side of the Rhine, even from the plains of the Jutland Peninsula (now Denmark), and then the home of the Danes. This migration laid waste the Western Roman Empire, in which settled a large number of Danes who are to-day known as Lombards, and who for nine centuries have been distinguished by their fine form, florid complexion, red hair and blue eyes. They are to-day among the best type of men in Europe, and contrast strangely enough with the descendants of the ancient Romans, who are distinguished by their small stature, dark skin, sharp, round, dark eyes, and black, crisp hair.

These Dane-Lombards, many of them, after the conquest, passed over to trans-Alpine France, and in 1066, were in the front ranks of the army of invaders which William the Conqueror led into England about that year. Here in Britain these Dane-Lombard-Italians formed the chief element in the establishment of the Feudal system, and were for centuries the leading commercial men of England. They and their descendants have controlled the business of Cheapside and other business streets of London for six hundred years. No sooner did the colonization of America begin than these Dane-Italian-English crossed the Atlantic and found a home on these shores. Such is the line of descent of the Bennetts and other Colonial families, and why not of the Zanes? Doubtless both claims are correct. They were Dane-Lombard-French-English-American colonists, where their descendants on both land and sea, have added lustre to American annals. Mr. Shinn is evidently correct in his belief, that the Berkeley county Zanes were of the emigrants who came from near Philadelphia, for in Berkeley county was the first Virginia home of the family.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF WEST VIRGINIA.

All geographical names are historic monuments, and the facts connected therewith are of special value and interest because they are records of *beginnings*. American historical studies consist of a recital of beginnings, and in the names of our prominent streams and land-marks we may discover valuable historical facts pertaining to Indian, French, Spanish and English occupation and sovergnty over different parts of the Continent. As evidence of this we have only to investigate the origin of the names of the American states. *Michigan* is Indian; *Vermont* is French; *Colorado* is Spanish, and *Virginia* is English. Around each therefore are gathered chapters of history peculiar to itself. The same is true of West Virginia, "The Switzerland of America," "The Loyal Highlands," and "The Youngest Daughter of the Old Dominion."

When the State was formed, Civil war darkened all the land, but notwithstanding, there was discussion regarding a name for the New State. By the "Ordinance to Provide for the Formation of a New State," adopted bp the Convention at Wheeling, August 20th 1861, it ordained that the name of the State should be "KANAWHA," and for a State bearing that name the Convention, which assembled at Wheeling November 26, 1 861, began the work of preparing a Constitution, but on the 3rd day of December, when the first section was read as follows: "The State of KANAWHA shall be and remain one of the United States of America," Harmon Sinsel, the member from Taylor county, moved to strike out the word "Kanawha," a lengthy debate ensued but the motion was finally adopted, yeas 30, nays 14. Then on motion of Daniel Lamb, a member for Ohio county, the Convention proceeded to fill the blank. The roll was called and the vote recorded as follows:—

For "WEST VIRGINIA"—Messrs. John Hall, president; Brumfield, Caldwell, Carskadon, Cassady, Dille, Dolly, Hansley, Haymond, Hubbs, Hervey, Hagar, Irvine, Lauck, Mahon, O'Brien, Parsons, Parker, Sinsel, Simmons, B. F. Stewart, C. J. Stewart, Sheets, Soper, Taylor, Trainer, Willey, Walker, Warden, Wilson—30.

For "KANAWHA"—Messrs. Brown, of Kanawha, Battelle, Chapman, Harrison, Lamb, Montague, Paxton, Ruffner, Van Winkle—9.

For "WESTERN VIRGINIA"—Messrs. Brooke and Powell—2.

For "ALLEGHENY"—Messrs. Pomeroy and Stevenson—2.

For "AUGUSTA"—Mr. Brown, of Preston—1.

So the Blank was filled by inserting "West Virginia" and while the members were determined to sever their political connection with the "Old Dominion," it seems that they were not willing to abandon the name of "Virginia."

By reference to a map of the two states—Virginia and West Virginia—it will be seen that the name *West*

Virginia is a misnomer. The most western extension of the State is "Virginia Point," on which stands the new town of Kenova, at the mouth of the Big Sandy river, (*Chatterroi* of the Indians.) But the old State or *East* Virginia extends *westward* to Cumberland Gap, which is about *forty* miles farther *west* than Virginia Point. In other words, *East* Virginia extends forty miles farther *west* than West Virginia.

Kenova, mentioned above as will be seen is a blending of the abbreviations of the names of three states—Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia—*Ken.*, for Kentucky, *O.*, for Ohio and *Va.*, for Virginia. This would be very appropriate if the three states here joined as they once did, but Kenova is in *West* Virginia, and more than fifty miles from the nearest point in Virginia, and the name therefore does not contain the abbreviations of the three adjoining States as it was evidently designed to do. A pretty name for the new and enterprising town would have been Chatterroi, the beautiful Indian name of the Big Sandy river.

Skillful as is the arrangement of the name, Kenova, its combination was once far surpassed by the designation of a town on the Ohio. This was Losantiville, the village which marked the beginning of Cincinnati. The name is said to have originated with Filson, the earliest historian of Kentucky, who lost his life near the spot nearly a century ago. The village was opposite the mouth of the Licking river and the name suggested the location. Thus *L.* is the abbreviation of the French article *la*; *os* the Latin for mouth; *anti*, Greek for against or opposite, and *ville*, French for town, the whole signifying "the town opposite the mouth of a river."

MEETHEETASHEE,
OR
THE CHEROKEE ROSE ON THE SCIOTO.

BY ALPHA LAMDA KAPPA.

Among the Shawnees and other Indian tribes of the West, there was a beautiful traditionary legend transmitted from generation to generation, which told how a fair Cherokee maiden, whose name was Meetheetashee, became the bride of a Shawnee warrior, and who when leaving the home of her childhood, on the banks of the Tennessee, carried with her a root of the fragrant Cherokee Rose, and transplanted it on the banks of the Scioto, near where Chilicothe, Ohio, now stands. From this beginning, says the tradition, the wild rose has spread itself to the Lakes and over the prairies of the West. The Cherokee Rose is among the most beautiful flowering plants of the South and as the traveler journeys along the valleys of the Great Kanawha, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and other rivers in the ancient home of the Cherokees, he beholds it adorning the low-lands in the months of

June and July and the scene recalls to mind the beautiful legend of which the following lines are commemorative:

I.

See that winsome Indian girl,
With trusty bow and quiver,
Hunting quail, and frisky squirrel,
Along the limpid river.

II.

Peering here, and hearkening there,
Around each nook and corner,
Eyes as dark as her raven hair,
And ears acute to warn her.

III.

Limbs as lithe, as the bounding deer's,
Her step so light and queenly,
Crouches now, as the game she nears,
To fly her darts serenely.

IV.

Never sped an arrow more true,
From great Diana's guiding,
Than from this maiden's fingers flew,
Among the pheasants hiding.

V.

Game-sack filled, she extends her view,
But sees no quail nor otter,
Just descries a small canoe,
To lightly skim the water.

VI.

Sat therein a warrior brave,
Ornate with eagle's feather;
Boldly paddling 'cross the wave,
He joins her on the heather.

VII.

Charms there are than music more strong,
That never pass unheeded,

Cupid's arrows are amply long
To pierce true hearts when needed.

VIII.

Holds up two fingers thus, to say,
Let hearts be thus united.
Then she smiles; no long delay,
Their troths were quickly plighted.

IX.

Down life's stream they gently glide,
Their joys and woes each sharing;
Faithful he to his comely bride,
In dangers always daring.

X.

"Wed in haste, at leisure repent,"
Is trite with people civil,
But, wigwam's leer, or lonesome tent,
Should compensate this evil.

XI.

Would ye know of whom I have sung?
The dark-eyed Meetheetashee,
Kukeesheno, the bold and young,
A Shawnee brave, so dashy.

XII.

Whose life-blood ebbed in seventy-four,
While charging on his foemen,
Where rifles, deadly missives, pour,
From Bedford's sturdy yeomen.

XIII.

Parents they, of Tecumseh famed,
In legend and in story;
General he, by Britain named,
And died in battle gory.

XIV.

She, the charming Cherokee maid,
That hero's loving mother,

In Clinche's smiling valley played,
Alone with sister and brother.

XV.

Thence she left the home of her youth,
'Mid frowns and scoffs parental,
Took but a rose-bush, tiny, uncouth,
To soothe her anguish, mental.

XVI.

Planted it thence, in Shawnee ground,
By the side of Scioto river,
Whence it grew, and now is found,
Perhaps, on the Guadalquiver.

XVII.

The name it bears, "Cherokee rose,"
Among the queenly flowers,
Justly prized by all of those
Who fancy blooming bowers.

XVIII.

Worn with age, her children deceased,
Her native vale receives her;
Thus from trials and cares, increased,
The Spirit Great relieves her.

XIX.

Now white men plow o'er the place,
Where peacefully she reposes;
No epitaph's engraved face,
Or mound, the tomb discloses.

XX.

Thus passed away from savage life,
A noble soul, unlettered;
Child of nature, witness of strife,
In death, herhaps, was bettered.

RECENT HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS.

No state in the Union has done more to collect and preserve the records and history of her people than Michigan. Some years ago, she began the work at public expense, and has continued the same until Vols. XVII and XVIII have been printed and distributed to all entitled to receive them. The West Virginia Historical and Antiquarian Society has in its library the entire set, its Secretary having recently acknowledged the receipt of the last two volumes. Everything pertaining to the State is collected from every available source, and when this republic shall have grown old, the historian of that day will have before him all needed information relative to the Peninsula State,

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WASHINGTON'S JOURNAL OVER THE MOUNTAINS—1747–8. Of all the historical publications of the present year, perhaps nothing has appeared of greater value and interest, than "Washington's Journal of 1747–8," which has been carefully edited and elaborately annotated by Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington City, and is published by Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, New York, Washington's aptitude for mathematics early attracted the attention of his teachers, and at the early age of seventeen, he had attracted so much attention as a surveyor, that in the year 1747, he was employed by the Fairfaxes to partition and "lay off" portions of their vast domain in the "Northern Neck" of Virginia. March 11th, 1747, the young surveyor in company with George Fairfax, set out from "Belvoir" the home of the Fairfaxes on the Potomac, and in view of Mount Vernon, on a journey over the Blue Ridge and beyond the Alleghenies. In addition to his field notes Washington kept a diary of the journey, and both are now for the first time published. We have studied Washington as a statesman and warrior, but here we study him as a frontier surveyor on the wilds of the western border, five years before the French and Indian war, and when he was a youth of but seventeen years. The book exhibits the first literary work of him whom Byron styles

"The first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West."

And whose death Napoleon announced at the head of the triumphant legions of France in a beautiful tribute of praise.

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THE GENEALOGICAL RECORD. GIVING THE GENEALOGY AND HISTORY OF SOME AMERICAN FAMILIES, tracing their ancestry to Ante-Revolutionary Times. The publication of this work has been commenced by Edward Stephens Clark, M. D., at San Francisco, California, and Volume I. is devoted to the Pennsylvania-Virginia Family of Stephens. Down in Frederick county in the lower part of the Shenandoah valley stands the little town of Stephensburg, whose founder was

PETER STEPHENS.

In the year 1732, Joist Hite with his family, and his sons-in-law, viz:

George Bowman, Jacob Chrisman, and Paul Froman, with their families Robert McKay, Robert Green, William Duff, PETER STEPHENS and others to the number of sixteen families, left York, Pennsylvania, and cutting a road through the wilderness, crossed the Potomac about two miles above where Harper's Ferry now stands and found homes in the lower part of the Valley, Stephens settling where the town which bears his name now stands. There he died in 1757, leaving a family of seven children, whose descendents are now spread over the Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, eight hundred and forty being ennumerated by Dr. Clark. When Peter Stephens settled in the Valley of Virginia, all the continent to the west of him from the Alleghenies to the Pacific, was an unexplored wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and savage men, but now when one hundred and sixty years have passed away, a nation has spread itself over the then vast wilds and now the history of a pioneer family in the Shenadoah Valley comes back to us written and printed in a great city on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. The book is neatly printed, substantially bound, nicely illustrated and should be in the possession of every student of American Genealogy.

—

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. LORENZO WAUGH.—This is the work of a West Virginian performed on the Pacific Coast. The author was born on the banks of the Greenbrier river in what is now Pocahontas (then Bath) county West Virginia, in 1808, and there the early years of his childhood were spent. Of these days the work treats at length. At the age of sixteen, the author was a school teacher in Harrison county; taught in Mason county in 1832; entered the Methodist ministry, and the same year was assistant preacher on the Guyandotte Circuit; entered the Ohio Conference and spent the year 1833 on the Nicholas county (West Virginia) Circuit; transferred to North Ohio in 1835, and in the same year was transferred to the Missouri Conference, In 1837, he became a missionary to the Shawnee Nation, and in 1840, traveled the Platte river Circuit, now in Nebraska, and in 1848, became a member of the Illinois Conference. In 1851, he with his family crossed the Plains, and found a home in the Petaluma Valley, in California, in which State he has been ever since engaged in Church work. The book, containing 358 pages, and substantially bound, is published by Francis, Valentine & Company, San Francisco. It teems with interesting recitals of incidents which have gone to make up the varied life of the author.

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JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS.—No institution in the land is doing more to preserve Southland History, than the Johns Hopkins University. The publication of its "Studies in Historical and Political Science," under the able editorship of Herbart B. Adams, is now in the tenth series, No. IV of which is a scholarly treatise on the "Church and State in Early Maryland," while Nos. V-VI, treats at length of "The Religious Development in the Province of North Carolina." Both should be in the possession of every student of American History. Price each, fifty

cents. Address The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—Vol. I., has been issued and its appearance does great credit to the Society of which it is the official publication. Its table of contents is a guarantee of the invaluable work being accomplished in the collection and preservation of the history and annals of New York State.

THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—Of all the Historical Society publications of the year, we have received none of greater interest and value than the "Transactions of the Oneida Historical Society, of Utica, New York." Among the most valuable papers appearing therein are "Geographical Names as Monuments of History," "The Iroquois and the Colony of New York," and "Prehistoric Remains in Sweden."

VOL. 2. AUGUST, 1892. NO. 2.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,

GENEALOGY, ARCHÆOLOGY

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

THREE DOLLARS
Per Annum.

THIRTY CENTS
Single Copies.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.:
PUBLISHED BY VIRGIL A. LEWIS.

Entered at the Postoffice, at Charleston, W. Va., as Second Class Matter, January 26th, 1892.

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Southern Historical Magazine.

Vol. II. AUGUST, 1892. No. 2.

PIONEER HISTORY.

MEMORIALS OF JACOB WARWICK AND MARY VANCE, HIS WIFE.

BY W. T. PRICE.

The compiler of these memorials, deeply impressed that something should be attempted to perpetuate the memory of these persons, has availed himself of such facilities as have been in reach. He is largely indebted to Mr. John Warwick, Esq., Judge James W. Warwick and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, for the information from which these sketches are compiled.

These gentlemen are the grandsons of Jacob Warwick. Mrs. McLaughlin, a daughter of William Sharp, lived with Mrs. Warwick at intervals, as a friend and visitor in the family, and for whom Mrs. Warwick manifested special attachment.

The father of Jacob Warwick came to Augusta county, from Williamsburg, Virginia, during colonial times, between 1740-50. He was a Lieutenant in the service of the British Crown, and was employed in surveying and locating land grants in Augusta county, which county included territory of which States have since been formed.

Lieutenant Warwick located and occupied the Dunmore property for his own use. He married Miss Elizabeth Dunlap, near Middlebrook. Lieutenant Warwick was one of the English gentry whose families settled in Virginia in consequence of political reverses in England, and whose history is so graphically given in Thackeray's Virginians.

There were four children—Charles, Elizabeth, Jacob and John. After operating extensively in lands, and securing the Dunmore property in his own name, Lieut. Warwick concluded to visit England. In making arrangements for his absence, he sent Charles and Elizabeth to Williamsburg to be educated, while Jacob and John remained with their mother in Augusta county. Lieut. Warwick never returned, and being heard of no more, he was given up for dead. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Warwick settled on the Dunmore property, had it secured by deed to Jacob, and afterwards married Robert Sitlington, but remained at Dunmore a number of years after her second marriage. Jacob Warwick seemed to have remembered but little of his own father, and always cherished the

highest filial regard for Mr. Sitlington. When Jacob attained his majority, Mr. Sitlington moved to his own property near old Millboro, the estate now occupied (1891) by Mrs. Dickinson, daughter of the late Andrew Sitlington, Esq. Upon her decease, Mrs. Sitlington left a bequest of one thousand dollars to Windy Cove Church, the annual interest of which was to be paid to the pastor of that congregation. For a long while it was managed by the Messrs. Sloan. In the hands of Stephen Porter it was finally lost through financial embarrassments.

Upon reaching legal age, and coming into possession of his estate, Jacob Warwick was married and settled at Dunmore. Just here let it be stated, that when it was decided that Lieut. Warwick was dead, the grandfather of David Bell, of Fishersville, Va., was appointed guardian of the children, Jacob and John.—William and James Bell were the sons of this guardian, and James Bell was the father of William A. Bell and David Bell, well remembered citizens of Augusta county.

Dunmore was Mr. Warwick's first home after his marriage. His wife was Miss Vance, daughter of Col. John Vance, of North Carolina. He died on Back Creek, at Mountain Grove, Bath county, Va. Colonel Vance's family moved to the vicinity of Vanceburg, Ky., except Samuel Vance, Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Hamilton. The last named was the mother of Rachel Terrell of the Warm Springs, and Esq. John Hamilton of Bath county. Governor Vance, of Ohio, and Senator Zeb. Vance, of North Carolina, are of the same family connection. The Vances, originally, were from Opecquon, near Winchester, Virginia.

In business trips to Richmond, to sell horses or cattle, Mr. Warwick formed the acquaintance of Daniel Warwick, a commission merchant, who attended to business for Mr. Warwick, and thus became mutually interested and were able to trace a common ancestry. This merchant is an ancestor of Senator John W. Daniel, the renowned eulogist of Lee and Davis. Mr. Warwick remained at Dunmore a number of years. His children were all born there. He was industriously and successfully occupied in accumulating lands, and managing immense herds of cattle and droves of horses. His possessions on Jackson's river were purchased from a certain Alexander Hall, of North Carolina.—Mr. Hall owned from the Byrd place to Judge Warwick's. One of his sons, being charged with horse theft, the penalty being death by hanging, refugeed to Bath. The elder Hall came to Dunmore to see Mr. Warwick, and proposed to sell this land to provide means to send his refugee son to Kentucky so as to elude arrest. Mr. Warwick had sent out one hundred head of cattle to be wintered in the cane brakes. This herd was taken by Hall as part payment for the Jackson river lands.—The cattle rated at eight pounds a head, (about forty dollars.) The clover Lick property was rented from the Lewises. The accounts from Kentucky were so flattering that Mr. Warwick decided to settle there He actually set out for the purpose of locating and securing a place for a new home. The persons in advance of the party with which he was going were slain by

Indians near Sewell Mountain, and when Mr. Warwick and those with him came up and saw their slain friends, all returned home. Mrs. Warwick thereupon became so unwilling to emigrate from her Pocahontas home, that her husband concluded to exchange his Kentucky possessions with one Alexander Dunlap for a portion of the Clover Lick lands. The Dunlap patent called for four hundred acres, the actual survey made six hundred.—There was a suit between Lewis and Dunlap about this posession. When matters as to these lands became satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Warwick moved to Clover Lick, and lived in a row of cabins. After a few years, he and Mrs. Warwick thought it might be better for their children to live on the Jackson river estate.—They moved to Bath, and remained there until the marriage of their son Andrew.

Upon their return to Clover Lick the log cabins were deemed unfit for occupancy, and arrangements were made to build a spacious mansion.—Mr. Patrick Bruffey was employed to prepare the material. He began work in Mr. Warwick's absence. Mrs. Warwick instructed Mr. Bruffey to hew the timbers so as to have a hall or passage, as it was then termed. He did so. When Mr. Warwick returned and found what had been done, he was not pleased with his wife's plans, and had the logs changed accordingly. Mr. Bruffey hewed the logs and dressed the plank, but did not build the chimneys. Mr. Wooddell, near Green Bank, furnished the plank for sixty pounds (nearly three hundred dollars.) The nails were forged by hand at the Warm Springs. Several mounds have been discovered near Clover Lick. In searching for material for the foundation of the large new house, the builders gathered some nice stones from a rock pile. They found human remains, and when Mr. Warwick heard of it, he emphatically ordered the stones to be replaced, and told them not to molest anything that looked like a burial place. There are no traces of the Shawnee or Mingo Indians ever wintering in the limits of this county. It seems to have been regarded by them as a summer resort for fish and game, and to escape the diseases peculiar to malarial regions east and west. Greenbrier Ben often spoke of the opening of a grave just in front of the Chapel, and from the superior quality of the articles found with the remains, all were of the opinion it was the tomb of a chief. Mr. Warwick directed it to be carefully closed, and the relics were not molested.

One of the main objects in having the new house so spacious, was that it might be used for preaching services, and there was preaching there more frequently than anywhere else in this region, during a number of years. This historic mansion was finally removed to give place to the handsome residence reared by Dr. Ligon, and which was burned in 1884.

The main route for emigration from Maryland, Pennsylvania and other points north and northeast passed by Clover Lick to Kentucky and Ohio. As many as forty and fifty would be entertained over night. This made Clover Lick one of the most public and widely known places in the whole country. The approach from the east avoided hollows and ravines,

keeping along high points and crests of ridges so as to be more secure from ambuscades and Indian attacks. The original way out from Clover Lick, going east, after crossing the Greenbrier, near the mouth of Clover creek, avoided Laurel run, kept along the high point leading down to the river, and passed close by the McCutchen residence. Mrs. Warwick had the first road cut out, up the Laurel Run, in order to bring the lumber for the new house from Mr. Wooddell's in the Pine Woods, now Green Bank and vicinity. She gave the enterprise her personal attention. Quite a number of interesting incidents are given by tradition, illustrating the character of Mrs. Warwick. While renting Clover Lick, her husband and others were making hay. A shower of rain came up very suddenly and dampened their guns and horse pistols. Late in the afternoon the men fired them off, so as to load them with fresh charges. Some one hearing the report of firearms in quick succession, brought word to Mrs. Warwick, at Dunmore, that the Indians were fighting the men at the Lick. She at once mounted a large black stallion, put a colored boy on behind, and went at full speed and swam the swollen river in her effort to see what had happened. This colored boy is old "Ben," who died at Clover Lick, and is remembered by many of the older citizens. Upon another occasion, when the Shawnees were returning from one of their raids to the east, forty or fifty of their warriors were sent by Clover Lick with the intention, it is believed, to pillage and burn. A scout from Millboro warned Mr. Warwick of their movements. With about twenty others he waited for them in ambush on the mountain crest, south of Clover Lick. The fire was very effective and every man killed or wounded his victim. The Indians in their surprise hastily retreated and were pursued as far as Elk Water in Randolph county. Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for them. She met them at the Big Spring on their return, and the weary hungry party were greatly refreshed by her thoughtful preparations. She was eminently pious, and was a member of the Windy Cove Presbyterian Church. She never felt herself more honored than when ministers would visit her home and preach. The visiting minister would receive a nice horse, or something else as valuable, as a token of appreciation. She was conscientiously rigid in her domestic discipline. Her brother once made this remark: "Mary, I used to think you were too strict with your family, and you have been blamed for it. I see now, you were right. You have not a child but would kneel in the dust before you, to obey you. I let my children have more liberties, and they do not care near so much for me."

The Rev. Aretas Loomis came from Beverly, for a time, every four weeks, and preached at the Warwick residence. She was highly emotional and during the services often appeared very happy. As to her personal appearance, she was tall, slender and blue-eyed, hair slightly tinged with auburn, and when in health, lithe and agile in her carriage. So she was distinguished for symmetry of person, beauty of figure and force of

character, all of which she retained even to an advanced age. She was very benèvolent, and her kind deeds were done upon the principle of not telling the left hand what the right might be doing. Persons in her employ would always be over-paid. Polly Brown, whose lot it was to support her blind mother, received two bushels of corn every two weeks, and no one knew where the supply came from at the time. A person named Charley Collins, who was renowned as an athlete, and whose name is given to one of the Meadows of Clover Lick, did a great deal of clearing.—It was reported that he was but poorly paid, but before Mrs. Warwick was done with him, his family was doubly paid by the substantial gifts dispensed with her open hands. —Among her many other generous deeds, it is told how a rather worthless character, disabled by frozen feet, was received into her house, clothed and fed until he could walk. His name was Bosier. Mrs. McLaughlin remembers seeing this person crawling up the steps, sitting by the door or reclining under the dining table while preaching services were held. This man afterwards died from the effects of a burning tree falling on him, against which he had made a fire, while on his way from Big Spring to Mace's in Mingo Flats. George See, a grandson of Mrs. Warwick, heard his cries and came to him. In his efforts to rescue him, he exerted himself so laboriously that he was never well afterwards.

It should be remembered, too, that Mrs. Warwick, in her old age, gathered the first Sabbath School ever taught in Pocahontas county, West Virginia. In the summer her servants would lift her on her horse, and she would then ride about four miles to a school house, near where the Josiah Friel cabin stood, now in the possession of Giles Sharp. The exercises would begin at about nine o'clock. There was no prayer, no singing, but she would read the Bible, talk a great deal and give good advice. The scholars would read their Bibles with her.—The exercises would close at two in the afternoon. After this continuous session of five hours, Mrs. Warwick would be so exhausted as to require assistance to arise and mount her horse. It was her custom to go to Wm. Sharp's, dine and rest awhile, and then go home late in the day.—To use the language of one of her scholars now living: "Oh, she would give such good advice. If all would do as she told them, how well it might have been. She was the best woman to raise girls I ever saw, if they would take her advice how to act, and how to do. She has talked to me for hours, and it was often thrown up to me that old Mrs. Warwick made me proud because I tried to do as she advised me." Among her scholars were Mrs. Mary Gibson, on Elk, Mrs. William Moore, and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, who were daughters of her friend, Mrs. William Sharp.

The school was mainly made up of Josiah Brown's family, John Sharp's, William Sharp's and Jeremiah Friel's.

The lamented Methodist preacher, Rev. James E. Moore, once belonged to her Sabbath School, and received from her his earliest religious instructions. By common consent it is agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who

have ever preached in this region.

Not a great while before her death, during one of Mr. Loomis' ministerial visits, she received the communion. Upon receiving the elements, her emotions became so great that her husband and children, fearing results, carried her to her own room. For four weeks she was helpless from nervous prostration. All her children from Bath and Pocahontas were sent for. She died at the ripe age of eighty years, in 1823, at Clover Lick, and there she was buried.—There were no services of any kind in connection with her burial.

Several years since, the writer was shown her grave on the green hillside, facing the morning sun. The only thing marking the spot at that time, was a peach tree that had spontaneously grown at the head of her grave. Some day, not far removed it is hoped, her many worthy descendants may honor her memory by something becoming the name of one so worthy of everlasting remembrance. Her blood flows in the veins of the Warwicks, Sees, Gatewoods, Camerons, Poages, Beards, Matthews, Moffats, McClungs, Ligons, McClinties and Prices, in the counties of Randolph, Bath, Rockbridge and Pocahontas. As one stands near the grave where Mary Warwick so sweetly rests, the pathetic silence seems broken by these words from Whittier's Triumph:

"O living friends who love me!
O dear ones above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave you my name."

The purpose of these sketches is already manifest to the discerning reader—to rescue, if possible, from total oblivion the name and services of an obscure but eminently worthy person. Jacob Warwick was one of the pioneers who made permanent settlements in what is now Pocahontas and Bath counties Virginia and West Virginia.

It has been already stated that he commenced his business life at Dunmore; purchased Clover Lick, where he resided for a time; then moved to his immense posessions on Jackson's river, and then returned to Clover Lick. In addition to these estates, he acquired some others equally as valuable. He endowed his seven children with ample legacies, and besides bequeathed a competency to ten or fifteen grandchildren.

Mr. Warwick was an alert and successful Indian fighter, and had a series of conflicts, narrowly escaping with his life on several occasions; yet he was never sure of killing but one Indian. Parties now living (1891) remember seeing a tree on the lands of John Warwick, near Green Bank, where Jacob Warwick killed that Indian in single combat. It always grieved him that he had certainly sent one soul into eternity under such sad circumstances.

Owing to his accurate knowledge of the mountain regions far and near, his services were in frequent demand by land agents and governmental surveyors. He and some others went to Randolph as an escort for a land commission in the service of the colony. It was during the period when Kilbuck scouted the mountains with bands of Shawnees and Mingoes. Colonel John Stuart, of Greenbrier, says: "Of all the Indians the Shawnees were the most bloody and terrible, holding all other men—Indians as well as whites—in contempt as warriors in com-

parison with themselves. This opinion made them more fierce and restless than any other savages, and they boasted that they had killed ten times as many white men as any other tribe. They were a well-formed, ingenious, active people; were assuming and imperious in the presence of others, not of their nation, and sometimes very cruel. It was chiefly the Shawneese that cut off the British under General Braddock, in 1755 -- only ningteen years before the battle of Point Pleasant—when the General himself and Sir Peter Hackett, the second in command, were both slain, and the mere remnant only of the whale army escaped. They, too, defeated Major Grant and the Scotch Highlanders, at Fort Pitt, in 1758, where the whole of the troops were killed or taken prisoners."

At the time Mr. Warwick went over to Randolph with the commissioner, the season had been inclement, and it was believed the Indians would not be abroad. Indeed, such was their sense of security the party did not think it worth while to arm themselves on setting out on their business. While in the lower valley about Huttonsville, however, it was reported by one Thomas Lacky, a person of somewhat questionable veracity, that he had seen fresh Indian signs. As Mr. Warwick and his party were unarmed, six citizens and friends of the escort, armed themselves and proposed to go with them to the place where Lacky had seen the Indian trail. Upon coming near the place, Andrew Sitlington's horse showed fright, thereupon his rider saw Indians, but for a moment could not speak. This attracted Mr. Warwick's attention, and upon looking in the same direction he saw the Shawnees creeping along to reach a suitaale place to cut them off He gave the alarm—"Indians! Indians!!" Finding themselves discovered, the warriors fired hastily, wounding one of the party and Mr. Warwick's horse. The horse sank to the ground as if dead, but as Mr. Warwick was in the act of throwing off his cloak for fight, the horse rose and darted off at the top of his speed, and carried his rider safely home to Dunmore before night. Those that were mounted all escaped—Jacob Warwick, Thomas Cartmill, James McClain and Andrew Sitlington. Of those on foot, John Crouch, John Hulder and Thomas Lacky escaped. The following were killed: John McClain, James Ralston and John Nelson. When these were attacked they were near the mouth of Windy run. One man was killed running across the bottom. Three of the men escaped by climbing the bank where they were; two others, in looking for an easier place to get up the bank, were overtaken and scalped. Not very far from this place is the Laurel thicket where the Ohio scouts killed Colonel Washington in 1861.

The horse was found to be wounded in the thigh. The ball was extracted, and the noble animal lived long and became very valuable for useful endurance. Most of the way home, the day he was wounded, that horse carried two persons a distance of thirty miles.

Upon a subsequent occasion he went to Randolph county. It was night when he returned. His horse shied at something in the road, which Mr. Warwick at once recognized as the fresh husks of roasting ears. The presence of Indians was at once sus-

pected, and upon approaching the house cautiously it was found that the row of cabins were burned and the premises ransacked. In their glee, the Indians had caught the chickens picked all their feathers off and let them go. The place had been left in the care of a colored man named Sam and Greenbrier Ben, aged ten or twelve years. Sam made good his escape to the woods, but Ben hid in a hemp patch, so near the cabin that when it was burned, he could scarcely keep still, his buckskin breeches were so hot. From his retreat Ben saw the Indians pick the chickens, leaving their tails and topknots, and laugh at their grotesque appearance. He saw them run the wagon into the fire, after the cabin near the spring had become a smouldering heap of coals. This wagon was the first that ever crossed the Alleghanies. It was brought from the Mountain Grove, up Little Back creek, about three miles above where the Huntersville road first crosses the stream going east, then across Knapp's Spur, along by Harper's mill, then straight across to Thorny creek, through the Lightner place, past Bethel Church, to the Saunders place, on Thorny creek, thence up the ridge to the top, and and then along down to the Knapp place on the Greenbrier river, thence to Clover Lick.

The most memorable event of his life, however, was his being in the expedition to Point Pleasant, under General Andrew Lewis. The march from Lewisburg to Point Pleasant, one hundred and sixty miles, took nineteen days. It is most probable that he was in the company commanded by Captain Mathews. This conflict with the Indians was the most decisive that had yet occurred. It was fought on Monday morning, October 10th, 1874.

It is a matter of regret that the recorded history of this battle does not accord full justice to the memory of a very deserving person. It is conceded by all, so far as there is any record, that up to the time when there occurred a lull in the battle the advantage was with the Indians. The question arises, why should a warrior so skillful as Cornstalk, call a halt in the full tide of success, and suddenly cease firing and pressing upon a receding foe, with victory just in his grasp?

Had it not been for this, no troops could have been safely detached for a flank movement. Flank movements are only a good policy for those who are pressing the enemy, and not for the retreating party. When Cornstalk ceased to press, the victory was decided in favor of the Virginians and lost to him. Had the battle been lost to our people and the army sacrificed, unspeakable disasters would have befallen all settlements west of the Blue Ridge mountains; the Revolution would have been deferred for all time, possibly, and the whole history of America far different from what has been.

How is that lull in the battle to be accounted for, which resulted in victory to the Virginians? Dr. Foote says, in his account, which is one of the most minute and extended of all in reach of the writer, "that towards evening, Lewis seeing no signs of retreat, or cessation of battle, dispatched Captains Shelby Mathews and Stewart, at their request, to attack the enemies in their rear. Going up the Kanawha, under the cover of

the banks of Crooked creek, they got to the rear of the Indians unobserved, and made a rapid attack. Alarmed by this unlooked for assault, and thinking the reinforcements of Col. Christian were approaching, before whose arrival they had striven hard to end the battle, the savages became dispirited, gave way, and by sunset had crossed the Ohio. Col. Christian entered the camp about midnight and found all in readiness for a renewed attack."—*Second Series, page 165.*

Col. Kercheval, who claims to have derived his information from Mayse and Andrew Reed, of Bath county, states on their authority. "that about two o'clock in the afternoon, Col. Christian arrived on the field with about five hundred men, the battle was still raging. The reinforcements decided the issue almost immediately. The Indians fell back about two miles, but such was their persevering spirit, though fairly beaten, the contest was not closed until the setting of the sun, when they relinquished the field."

There are persons yet living in Bath (1890) and the writer conversed with one, (September 1873,) almost in speaking distance of the residence where Joseph Mayse lived and died, who *are certain* that Mr. Mayse gave the credit of that cessation in battle and falling back two miles on the part of the Indians, to Jacob Warwick and the persons with him. According to Judge Warwick's statement, and the writers' impression is that Mr. Mayse's statement was emphatically confirmed by Maj. Charles Cameron, a Lieutenant in the battle. Mr. Mayse often repeated the fact that Jacob Warwick, an obscure private in the ranks, was detailed with a number of others, perhaps fifty or sixty in all, to bring in a supply of meat, that rations might be supplied for a forced march to the Indian towns, as Gov. Dunmore had so treacherously given orders. These persons crossed the Kanawha about daybreak or little before, and, while at their work in the hunting grounds and slaughter pens, they heard the firing beyond the limits of the camp, and so far up the Ohio they supposed it to be a salute to Gov. Dunmore, who was expected at any time by the soldiers generally. But the firing continuing too long for this, it was surmised the troops were putting their arms in proper order for the contemplated march over the Ohio. Finally they suspected it was a battle. Mr. Warwick was one of the first to ascertain this to be so, and immediately rallied the butchers and hunters, in order to return to camp and join the battle. This was noticed by the vigilant enemy, and Cornstalk was of the opinion that Colonel Christian was at hand. He ceased, in the reach of victory, and took measures to withdraw from the field, unobserved by our exhausted troops. For nearly two hours they had been falling back, and when the flank movement was made to communicate with the hunters, supposed it to be Col. Christian's advance to join them. What fighting occurred afterwards, was with the rear guard of Cornstalk's retreating army of demoralized braves.

If all this be true, and considering the sources of information, the writer sees no reason to doubt its authenticity in the main, it illustrates how important results are sometimes made to depend, in the providence of God,

upon fidelity to duty on the part of the most obscure, and it brings to light the leadings of God's hand in human affairs.

This is not written in a complaining spirit, yet one feels like saying, if this be true, what a comment it furnishes on the justice meted out by the historic muse. The reputed hero of Point Pleasant appears in bronze, an honored member of the group wherein stand Jefferson, Henry and Marshall, while the humble man, whose hand turned the fortunes of that most eventful day, sleeps in his obscure grave on the west branch of Jackson's river, six miles from the Warm Springs. Were it the grave of Campbell's "Last Man," it could not be in a much less frequented place. Had it not been for the humble services of this man, at the opportune moment, there would have been no Revolution, and without that war, where would Washington and his illustrious compeers be in the annals of their country?

It seems fitting that this memorial paper should be concluded by some memoranda of the descendants of these worthy persons. From what is known of the parents, it must be inferred that something of special interest might be recorded of their children and children's children.

Major Warwick's sons and daughters were all born at Dunmore, Pocahontas county, West Virginia.

The eldest daughter, Rachel, remembered when the settlers would fly to the fort near her home, when she was a little girl. The fort was near the spot now occupied by Col. Pritchard's mill.

She became the wife of Major Charles Cameron, a descendant of the Camerons so noted in the history of of the Scottish Covenanters. He was in the battle of Point Pleasant, and was there called upon to mourn the death of his three brothers slain in that conflict. In person he was of medium stature, tidy in his dress, wore short clothes, very dignified in his manners, and was never known to smile after the heart-rending scenes he witnessed at Point Pleasant, Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1774. He was a Major in the Revolution and served as clerk of both courts of Bath county many years. He reared the last Charles L. Francis, Esq., so long clerk of Bath as his successor.

Mrs. Cameron drew a pension of nine hundred dollars for several years before her death in 1858.

Major Cameron's residence was on Jackson's River, four miles west of Warm Springs, at the crossing of the Huntersville and Warm Springs pike. The two story spring-house yet remains in a good state of preservation, the upper part of which he used for his office, where he long and faithfully kept the legal records intrusted to his care, almost one hundred years ago.

One son, Col. Andrew W. Cameron, survived him. He became a very wealthy and popular citizen. He represented Bath in the Virginia Legislature. He removed afterwards to Rockbridge county and resided on an immense estate near Lexington, so as to secure educational and social advantages for his large family of sons and daughters. He met his death in a sad way in the town of Lexington, where he had gone anxious to hear something from his sons John and Charles in the army.

One of the passengers in the mail

coach was a soldier with a musket. In the act of leaving the coach this weapon was discharged, the contents inflicting a wound from which Col. Cameron expired almost instantly.

Dr. John H. Cameron, a popular physician of Deerfield, Augusta Co., Va., is his eldest son. Mrs. Thomas White, Mrs. D. White and Mrs. Judge Leigh, of Lexington, Va., are his daughters.

MRS. JANE WARWICK GATEWOOD AND HER DESCENDANTS.

She was Maj. Warwick's second daughter and became the second wife of William Gatewood, of Essex Co., Va., a near relative of President Tyler. Their home was at Mountain Grove, Bath Co., Va. Their sons were Warwick and Samuel Vance, and their daughters were Mary Jane and Frances.

Warwick Gatewood married Miss Margaret Beale, of Botetourt Co., Va., a relative of President Madison. Their daughter Eliza became Mrs. Judge James W. Warwick, near the Warm Springs, and Catherine became Mrs. Caesereo Bias, once proprietor of the Red Sweet Springs. Mr. Bias was rescued when an infant from a wrecked ship, and is supposed to be of Portuguese parentage. One of her sons, James W. Bias, was a very promising candidate for the Presbyterian ministry and recently died in North Carolina, where he was spending a seminary vacation in charge of a church. Miss Date Bias, her daughter, is a very efficient missionary teacher in Brazil, South America.

Col. Samuel V. Gatewood married Miss Eugenia Massie, near Alleghany Falls, Va. He succeeded to the old Mountain Grove homestead and built the fine brick mansion there. His daughter Susan became Mrs. William Taliaferro, of Newport, Rockbridge Co., Va. Mary Pleasants, his second daughter, married Samuel Goode, Esq., of the Hot Springs, Va. William Bias Gatewood, one of the sons, a prominent business man of Loudoun Co., Va., has recently died. Lieut. Charles C. Gatewood, another son, resides at the Big Spring, Pocahontas Co., W. Va. He was an officer in the Confederate service, Company F, 11th Va. Cavalry, and ranked among the bravest of his comrades. His daughter is Mrs. Dr. Wm. T. Cameron, a popular physician in the vicinity of the Big Spring.

Mrs. Jane Gatewood's daughter, Mary Jane, became Mrs. Kannedy, a merchant in Memphis Tennessee, where she died of yellow fever.

Frances, the other daughter became Mrs. Patton of Rockbridge. Her daughters, Mrs. Crockett and Mrs. Kent, were highly esteemed ladies of Wytheville and vicinity. Upon her second marriage Mrs. Frances Patton became Mrs. General Dorman of Lexington, Virginia.

MRS. MARY WARWICK MATTHEWS AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This member of Major Warwick's family was married to Sampson Matthews Esq., and for years occupied the old Warwick homestead at Dunmore. Her children were Jacob Warwick, Andrew Gatewood, Sampson Lockhart, and Elizabeth and Jane.

Jacob W. Matthews Esq., resided on Sitlington's creek, near Dunmore. His wife was a daughter of Rev. John McCue, of Augusta county,

and who is favorably mentioned in history as a pioneer minister in Greenbrier and Monroe counties, West Virginia: There were two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. Elizabeth married Capt. Felix Hull, of McDowell, Highland county Virginia. Capt. Hull was a prominent merchant, and popular citizen. He led a company of two hundred men into Grafton, West Virginia, in May 1861. He died in the service of the State of Virginia.

Mary was married to Mr. Joseph McClung a citizen of Greenbrier, residing near Williamsburg. Mrs. Newman Feamster, in the Blue Sulphur district is her daughter, Mrs. Brownlee, of Birmingham, Alabama, is another daughter.

Andrew G. Matthews Esq., married Mary W. See, one of Margaret See's daughters, and lived several years at Dunmore, and then moved to Pulaski county, Virginia, where his later years were passed amid very pleasant surroundings. He was a highly respected citizen, and a prominent ruling Elder in his church, and well known throughout the Virginia Synod.

His daughter Martha, married Uriah Hevener Esq., near Green Bank, Pocahontas county. Mrs. James Renick of Falling Spring, Greenbrier county, is one of his daughters. Mrs. Ellen Snyder of Salem, Misses Eliza and Rachel Matthews at the old Pulaski homestead are also daughters- Charles Matthews Esq., of Summers county West Virginia is his son; Mrs. Samuel B. Hanna, near Greenbank, Pocahontas, is a grand-daughter of Andrew G. Matthews.

Sampson L. Matthews Esq., the third son of Mary Warwick Matthews, married Miss Noney Edgar, of Greenbrier county, a very estimable lady indeed. The town of Ronceverte now occupies the Edgar homestead. He was a very intelligent and useful citizen of Pocahontas. He was the first surveyor of the county, and a member of the court a number of years. His only child Mary, become Mrs. Wm. H. McClintic and yet lives. Her five sons were educated at Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia. Hunter and Witherow are enterprising young citizens of Pocahontas county; George is a lawyer at Charleston, West Virginia; Edward is a prospering business man at Seattle State of Washington; and Lockhart, is commonwealth's attorney for Pocahontas county.

The senior Sampson Matthews was often spoken of by the older people, as a person bearing a striking resemblance to Napoleon in form and feature.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter was married to a Mr. Miller of Rockingham county, Virginia, emigrated to Missouri and died young. Jane married Capt. George Woods, of Albemarle county, Virginia. Her home was near what is now Ivy Depot. She was the happy mother of six sons and two daughters.

MARGARET WARWICK SEE AND HER FAMILY.

This daughter was married to Adam See Esq. who lived near Huttonsville, Randolph county West Virginia. He was a well known lawyer, an extensive owner of lands, an influential citizen and a devoted Ruling Elder in his church. Their sons were George, Jacob, Warwick and

Charles Cameron. Eliza, Dolly, Christina, Mary, Rachel, Hannah and Margaret were the seven daughters.

George See's daughter, Georgiana, became the wife of Capt. Jacob W. Marshall, who raised and commanded a very efficient company of mounted infantry for the Confederate service. He was also one of the original promoters of Marlinton the new county-seat of Pocahontas, and is an active member of the Pocahontas Development Company. Mrs. Samuel Holt of Marlinton, and Mrs. E. T. Holt of Hillsboro, are their daughters.

George See's son Adam married Dolly Crouch and lives at the old home on Elkwater, Randolph county, West Virginia. Their daughter Florida became Mrs. J. Calvin Price, near Clover Lick. She and her two beautiful little boys died within a few months of each other, a year or two ago.

Jacob Warwick See married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. George A. Baxter, one of the most eminent ministers and educators of his day, and settled in Pocahontas, on the property now owned by Mr. Uriah Hevener. The last years of his life were passed in Tucker county, West. Va. When more than sixty years of age, he volunteered in the Confederate service, and died in Lynchburg, Va., in a military hospital in 1862. His son, Rev. Charles S. M. See, a well-known minister, was with him and had his remains carried to Tinkling Spring Cemetery, in Augusta county, where he now sleeps well after his busy life. In personal appearance he is said to have borne a very marked likeness to his venerated grand-father, and no doubt inherited his patriotic spirit, along with his name.

The third son, Charles Cameron, was among the most popular and widely known citizens of his native county, an earnest friend of liberal learning, and a zealous Christian gentleman. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Squier Bosworth, an eminent physician of Beverly, the county town of Randolph. Mr. Peter See, a prosperous and influential citizen of Augusta Co., Va., and a ruling Elder in the old Stone Church, is his son. Mr. Peter See's wife, Mary, is a daughter of Mrs. Eliza Gamble; one of Margaret Warwick See's daughters, whose husband, Dr. Robert Gamble, was a noted physician, a ruling Elder in the Augusta Church, and a very influential citizen of Augusta county.

Dolly See was married to Hon. John Hutton, of Huttonsville, W. Va. This gentleman was a member of the Randolph court, and a delegate to the West Virginia Legislature, and did as much as any other man toward removing the disabilities of southern sympathizers.

Christina See was married to Mr. Washington Ward, and lived on the old See homestead, nearly east of Huttonsville. Her sons, Jacob, Renick and Adam, were all in the Confederate service, very efficient soldiers, and held in high esteem by their comrades, as men that never flinched from danger nor shirked a duty. All three and their interesting young families have migrated to the far west, and have thus blended their future with its new and prosperous sections.

Mary See became Mrs. Andrew G. Matthews, of whom mention has been made as a member of the Matthews family.

Hannah See became Mrs. Henry

Harper, near Beverly, a ruling Elder in the church and a highly esteemed citizen.

Margaret See was married to the Hon. Washington Long, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Randolph county.

Rachel Cameron See was the wife of Hon. Paul McNeel, of Pocahontas county. He possessed an immense landed estate, was for years a leading member of the court, sheriff, of the county, and was a member of the Virginia convention that passed the Ordinance of Secession. Their eldest son, George, resides near Hillsboro. He was a Confederate soldier and is a popular and prosperous citizen.

Andrew Gatewood raised a company for the Confederate service. He died a few years since, much lamented. John Adam was a soldier, studied law, and now resides upon a fine estate in Rockbridge county. Eliza, the eldest of the daughters, became the wife of the Rev. Daniel A. Penick, an eminent Presbyterian minister in Rockbridge county. She was a very superior person and her recent death is sincerely and widely mourned. The other daughters are Mrs. Edgar Beard, near Mill Point, and Mrs. Captain Edgar, near Hillsboro.

ANDREW WARWICK AND HIS FAMILY.

Major Jacob Warwick had another son, Charles Cameron, but he died while at school in Essex Co., Va., aged fourteen years. Andrew was therefore, the only son that lived to be grown, and to perpetuate his father's name. He was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Woods, of Nelson Co., Va.; the second wife was a Miss Dickinson, of Millboro Spring, Bath county.

Andrew Warwick's eldest son, James Woods, resides on Jackson's river, on a section of the old homestead. He served a term as Judge of the courts of Bath and Highland counties. He received the appointment from the Virginia Legislature. He had never been a lawyer by profession, but such was his clear perceptions and common sense of the right thing to be done, that he met the duties of his station with marked ability, and very acceptably to the people generally.

Judge Warwick's sons, John Andrew and James Woods, were efficient Confederate soldiers in the Bath squadron.

John Andrew was a lieutenant; received several wounds, one of them well-nigh fatal, and from which he yet suffers, He is a prosperous business man in the state of Oregon.

James Woods was a teacher and and superintendent of schools in Pocahontas county, commissioner of the court, and clerk of one of the leading Huntersville stores for many years. He is now in business near Baltimore.

Charles Cameron, the youngest son, was a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, and at this time a successful civil engineer in the Mexican Railway service.

Judge Warwick's daughter Mary, is the wife of Lieut. Cameron Gatewood, of the Big Spring, Pocahontas county. Tillie married the Hon. James A. Frazier, of Virginia Rockbridge Alum Springs. Eliza is the wife of John W. Stephenson, Esq., of the Warm Springs, a prominent lawyer, and attorney for Common-

wealth, Bath county. Another daughter is Mrs. Jacob McClintic, near the Hot Springs.

Andrew Warwick's second son, Jacob, married Miss Ellen Massie, of East Virginia, and the most of his life was spent there. He was an extensive planter, and greatly esteemed for his elevated, pure character.

John Warwick, Esq., the third son of Andrew, resides near Edray, Pocahontas county. As a member of the court, assessor of lands, school commissioner, and in other positions of trust, he has been prominent as a citizen, and influential. His first wife was Hannah Moffett, the only daughter of Andrew Gatewood, of whom special mention is yet to be made. His second marriage was with Miss Caroline Craig; youngest daughter of Mr. George E. Craig, merchant in Huntersville, a ruling Elder in his church and a most estimable christian gentleman. Miss Emma Warwick, a distinguished and faithful teacher, Mrs. Ernest Moore, of Glade Hill, and Mrs. Dr. Lockridge, of Driscoll are their daughters. Captain John Warwick, merchant at Hinton, and Mr. George Warwick, of Edray, are their sons.

ELIZABETH WARWICK WOODS.

This member of Jacob Warwick's family married Col. William Woods, near Charlottesville, Albermarle county, Va. There were no children born to them. Col. Woods was one of the most prominent and highly respected citizens of the vicinity where he resided. He and his wife were particularly kind and benevolent: A great many persons remembered them with special gratitude for their ample hospitality.

MRS. NANCY WARWICK-GATEWOOD POAGE AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This member of Major Warwick's family was first married to Mr. Thos. Gatewood, son of William Gatewood, of Mountain Grove, Bath county; by a previous marriage, Jane Warwick, already mentioned, was the second wife of William Gatewood.

Their home was at Marlin's Bottom, now Marlinton, Pocahontas county. Mr. Andrew Gatewood was the only child of her first marriage. Upon relinquishing all interest in the Marlin's Bottom estate, he received the Glade Hill property, near Dunmore. He is remembered as a person of uncommon sprightliness. While a student at Washington College, he was regarded as the peer of his class-mate, Hon Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, in studies and oratorical talent in their Academic rivalry. He married Miss Sally Moffett, sister of Henry M. Moffett, Esq. A son and daughter survived him—Charles and Hannah. The daughter became the first wife of John W. Warwick, Esq. Her only surviving child is Sally Gatewood, now Mrs. Dr. John Ligon, of Clover Lick, Pocahontas. She is the happy mother of eight daughters and one son. Mrs. C. P. Dorr, of Webster county, Mrs. Dr. F. T. McClintic, of Hillsboro, Pocahontas county, and Mrs. Louisa Koiner, of Waynesboro, Va., are her daughters. Dr. Ligon is an eminent physician, and one of the most prominent citizens of his county, and widely known in West Virginia.

Upon her second marriage Mrs. Nancy Gatewood became the wife of Major William Poage. Four daugh-

ters and one son were born of this marriage.

Mrs. Poage died one morning just at the dawning. Feeling death to be near, she requested Jennie Johnson, who afterward became Mrs. Jennie Lamb, to sing her favorite hymn:

"Come, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see,
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold,
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Mrs. Poage's eldest daughter, Rachel Cameron, was married to Josiah Beard, Esq., of Locust, Pocahontas county. At 18 years of age, Mr. Beard was a ruling Elder in the Falling Spring Church, Greenbrier county, and he was the first clerk of Pocahontas county. During the late war, when over seventy years of age, he was taken prisoner by Federal troops. Something was raid to hurt his feelings, and he challenged the whole squad to single combat. Their family numbered eight sons and three daughters. Hon. Wm. T. Beard, the eldest, was liberally educated, and became an honored influential citizen. He was elected to the West Virginia Legislature, but was not permitted to serve, as he could not conscientiously take the prescribed oath. His wife was Mary, the only daughter of the late Richard McNeel, Esq, and a niece of Matthew Edmiston, late of Weston, West Va. His two sons, Edgar and Leigh, reside in the Little Levels. Edgar is a commissioner of the county court, and is the presiding officer. Leigh is a prosperous young citizen farmer. His wife, Emma, is the only daughter of the Hon. Sherman Clark, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the county.

Henry Moffett Beard was a Lieutenant in the Confederate service and for years was among the most prosperous Pocahontas farmers. He died recently lamented by an interesting family and a wide circle of attached friends.

Samuel J. Beard has long resided in the state of Missouri.

Joel Early Beard died in the Confederate service. His mother came to church one Saturday morning of a sacramental occasion, to the brick church, and the first intimation of her soldier son's death, was the fresh grave and the arrival of the body for burial. Her other sons, Charles Woods, John George and Wallace Wackup, were Confederate soldiers, noted for their fidelity to duty, and are highly esteemed, influential citizens residing in the Little Levels of Pocahontas. Edwin Beard, Esq., the youngest son, resides at Locust, the old homestead. All interested in these memoirs owe him special thanks. Were it not for his interest and timely assistance it is more than probable their publication would not have appeared in this beautiful and permanent form. He was a soldier in the Confederate service and attracted the notice of his commanding officer for his bravery in action upon one memorable occasion. Mr. Alvin Clark and Mrs. George McNeel, near Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co., and Mrs. Maggie Levisay, near Falling Spring, Greenbrier Co., are her daughters.

Mrs. Poage's second daughter, Mary Vance, who is said to have borne a remarkable resemblance to her grandmother. Mary Warwick, was first married to Mr. Robert Beale, of Botetourt Co., Va., and re-

sided on Elk, Pocahontas, where he died, leaving one child, Margaret Elizabeth, who became Mrs. Dr. George B. Moffett, one of the first graduates in medicine that ever resided in Pocahontas. One of their sons, James Moffett, is in the employ of the Standard Oil Company in New York. It was at her son's home Mrs. Moffett died a few years since.

Upon her second marriage, Mrs. Beale became the wife of Henry M. Moffett, Esq., the second clerk of Pocahontas, a very excellent man in every respect, and in his time one of the most influential of citizens. Their only son that survived them was the Hon. George H. Moffett, a member of the Huntersville bar, ex-speaker of the West Virginia Legislature, and at present a distinguished journalist in Portland, Oregon.

One of her daughters, Mary Evelina, was married to Col. Wm. P. Thompson, a Confederate officer, whose residence is in New York, and prominent in the management of the Standard Oil Company. The youngest daughter, Rachel, became Mrs. Dr. McChesney, of Lewisburg, Greenbrier Co., West Va.

Sally Gatewood, another daughter, became Mrs. Dr. Alexander McChesney, of Charleston, W. Va., whose daughter, Mary Winters, is the wife of Rev. A. H. Hamilton, a well-known Presbyterian minister in Augusta Co., Virginia.

Margaret Davies Poage, the third daughter of Mrs. Nancy Warwick Poage, was married to Mr. James A. Price, of Botetourt Co., and lived at Marlin's Bottom.

Four of their sons were in the Confederate service—James Henry, Josiah Woods, John Calvin, and Andrew Gatewood.

James Henry was captured at Marlin's Bottom and taken to Camp Chase.

John Calvin was severely wounded in the same skirmish, shot down in the river, was paroled and afterward rescued by friends. He resides near Clover Lick.

Josiah Woods graduated with distinction at Washington College in 1861. He was a Lieutenant in Capt. Wm. L. McNeel's company of mounted infantry. He was a teacher, superintendent of schools and merchant in Randolph county, a member of the Randolph court, and for a term was presiding officer. He now resides near Clover Lick.

Andrew Gatewood was in the Confederate service in the Bath Cavalry. He was taken prisoner near Hanover Junction, Va. and died a few weeks thereafter at Point Lookout, July 6th, 1864, aged about twenty years.

A lady near Richmond city, seeing his name mentioned among the missing, wrote some very touching and beautiful lines that have been widely copied in books and journals, and thus his name has been sweetly embalmed and his memory not soon forgotten.

Samuel Davies, the youngest of her surviving sons resides near the Warm Springs. Mary Margaret the only surviving daughter was married to Andrew M. McLaughlin Esq. of whom was purchased the farm on which the proposed town of Marlinton is projected. They reside near Lewisburg, West Virginia.

There need not be any special mention made here of William Thomas,

the elder member of her family, who compiles these "short and simple annals."

Elizabeth Wood Poage the fourth daughter became the wife of Col Joel Matthews of Selma, Alabama. A sad mortality attended her family, a few, perhaps none, survive. Col. Matthews was an extensive planter and owned between two and three thousand slaves. He tendered a colored regiment to the confederate Congress, but the Government was too punctilious to receive them as soldiers and put them to work on fortifications. Major Dawson, a son-in-law, was a member of the Southern provisional congress.

Col. William Woods Poage married Miss Julia Callison of Locust, and lived awhile at Marlin's Bottom. His later years were passed near Clover Lick. He was a prosperous farmer and stock dealer. He served many years as a member of the court. Two of his sons, Henry Moffett and William Anthony, were slain in the war. Henry Moffett was a cavalry officer and was recklessly daring. He fell near Jack Shop. William Anthony was no less brave and lost his life near Middletown, Virginia, while on a scout. The surviving sons of Col. Poage: Messrs John Robert and Quincy Woods are highly esteemed citizens and prosperous farmers on the grand old homestead near Clover Lick.

These brothers married sisters, daughters of Jacob Sharp Esq. whose mother was the intimate friend and neighbor of Mrs. Mary Vance Warwick, long years ago.

Authentic tradition preserves some incidents that illustrate some of Major Warwick's personal traits. Soon after the affair at Point Pleasant, Mr. Warwick went among the Shawnees on a trading excursion to secure skins and furs. On the last excursion of this kind he travelled as far as Fort Pitt, where he found little Gilmore, a boy that had been carried a captive from Kerr's Creek Rockbridge, Virginia. To put him out of the reach of the mischieveous boys, his keeper had lashed him to a board and laid him on the roof of a log cabin. Mr. Warwick tried to ransom the captive, but too much was required by the Indian foster parent, and so he planned to rescue the boy and bring him home to his surviving friends in the Virginia Valley. He went with the Indians upon a hunting expedition and while moving from place to place he would frequently carry the Indian children behind him on his horse, by turns he would carry the Gilmore boy too. Sometimes he would fall behind the party, first with an Indian boy and then with the white one, but still come up in time. Finally the Indians placed so much confidence in the trader as to be off their guard, whereupon he withdrew from the party with the captive and started for the settlements, and before the Indians became suspicious of his intention his swift horse had carried them safely beyond their reach. After an arduous journey he arrived home in safety and restored the captive to his friends.

Mr. Warwick was once at a house-raising in the vicinity of Clover Lick; a young man made himself unpleasantly conspicous boasting of his fleetness of foot. The Major took one of his young friends aside and told him if he would beat that young-

ster at a foot race and take the conceit out of him he would make him a present. The race came off in the afternoon and was gained by the young friend, Mr. Warwick was delighted and told him to come over to the Lick soon as convenient and see what was there for him. When he did so the Major gave him one of his fine colts.

That youth became a distinguished Methodist minister, travelled in West Virginia, Ohio and Missouri, and finally went overland to California where he now lives at the advanced age of eighty-five years. During the greater part of this extended itineracy he used horses that were the offspring of the animal presented him by Major Warwick.*

In a controversy on land on Little Back Creek, in Bath county, a challenge passed between him and Col. John Baxter, This was about the only serious difficulty he ever had with any one. but the affair was amicably and honorably settled by mutual friends.

His grandson, John Warwick, Esq., of Edray, remembers the last visit paid to the old home in Pocahontas. He would have Greenbrier Ben, a faithful servant to mount a large black mule, take him, a lad four years of age, in his arms and carry him from Jackson's River to Clover Lick, between thirty-five and forty miles, the same day. The party of three rested at noon in the home of John Bradshaw, the pioneer and founder of Huntersville. The Bradshaw house stood on the site now occupied by the Lightner house. 'Squire Warwick remembers seeing the hands at work upon the court house then in course of erection, and the interest manifested by his venerable grandfather, then more than eighty years of age, in what was going on.

In person, Jacob Warwick was tall, stoop shouldered and exceedingly agile and muscular. His grandson, the late Jacob W. See, is said to have resembled him more than any one else in personal appearance.

Mrs. Mary V. Warwick was a person of highly refined taste, and took all possible pains to make home attractive. When there was preaching or Sunday school at her house all present were pressingly invited to remain for dinner. Her table service was really elegant and a prince might well enjoy her dinners. She had a well supplied library of booksi n the nicest style of binding, and she made good use of them, too.

Having such a pleasant home, it is not surprising Mr. Warwick should be so genial in his manners, and keenly enjoyed the society of relatives and friends, among whom he numbered many of the noblest spirits of Virginia. He never seemed to be conscious of his wealth or superior intelligence, and consequently never

*That youth was afterwards the distinguished Rev. Lorenzo Waugh. He was born on the banks of Greenbrier river, in what is now Pocahontas (then Bath) county, West Virginia, in 1809, and there the early years of his childhood were spent. At the age of sixteen he was a school teacher in Harrison county; taught in Mason county in 1832; entered the Methodist ministry that year, and was assistant preacher on the Guyandotte Circuit. In 1833 he was on the Nicholas county Circuit and was transferred to the Ohio Conference, and in 1835, became a member of the Missouri Conference. In 1837 he was an Indian missionary to the Shawnee Nation. In 1840 he traveled the Platte River Circuit, now in Nebraska, and in 1848 entered the Illinois Conference. In 1851 he, with his family, crossed the Plains and found a home in the Petaluma Valley, in California, in which State he has ever since been engaged in church work, though now in his 85th year. In his autobiography, recently published in San Francisco, he tells the story of how he received the colt from Jacob Warwick, as a reward for defeating the boy in the foot-race. ED.

assumed airs of superiority. When persons called him Major, it seemed to displease him, and he would remonstrate: "Don't call me Major, I am nothing but Jake Warwick."

He was jovial in his disposition and extremely fond of innocent merriment. He delighted much in the society of young people, and even children. His pleasant words and kindly deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife most of his time he passed at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table. When apoplexy came upon him he was merrily twitting Miss Phœbe Woods about her beau, young Mr. Beale. This occurred January, 1826, when he was nearing his eighty-third year. They carried his venerable remains about a mile up the west bank of the Jackson's River, and in a spot reserved for family burial, he was buried. When the writer visited his grave several years since, the place seemed to be in danger of forgetfulness. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been nicely and substantially enclosed, and the grave marked by a neatly sculptured marble. In that lonely, but beautiful, valley retreat, the strong, busy man has found repose, and there,

"Unheeded o'er his silent dust,
The storms of life may beat."

WM. J. PRICE.

Marlinton, West Va.,
July 28th, 1892.

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.—No. III.

BY HENRY W. BIGLER.

At last Governor Ford sent General John J. Harding with 400 militia to Nauvoo, but instead of making any arrests and assisting the sheriff, he dismissed him and informed our people that nothing could be done to protect them, for the mob were determined to drive them from the State, and therefore they must go.

Our people appealed to almost every governor in the United States, and to the President, to use their influence to stop the mob and establish us in our civil and religious rights, but I have yet to learn that there was a single invitation given for "Mormons" to remain within the States.

The work on the temple continued and was so far completed that on Monday, 6th October, a general conference was held in it and continued for three days, when it was agreed that the Church should leave and go to a country where they could enjoy the fruits of their labors, and to leave as soon as possible. As soon as conference closed, the whole Church began to make preparations to leave the country, not knowing where they were going; neither did we care much, only that it might be where we could worship Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience without being mobbed for it, for I knew of no law the church had

broken that we should be exiled from our homes or renounce our religion. If I have been correctly informed, Thomas Ford, the governor of Illinois, and other leading men of the State, actually proposed to the Latter Day Saints to leave and go to Oregon or to California.

Companies were formed and the making of a great number of wagons commenced, and during the winter of 1845–46 and the following spring, they were made principally of green timber boiled in brine to facilitate the seasoning, and in February, 1846, one thousand families crossed the Mississippi, some on the ice. On the 9th of February the temple was discovered to be on fire. It was soon put out, after which the band played several tunes on top of it. I have heard that a man by the name of Agno was offered five hundred dollars to burn it. In the afternoon, I crossed the Mississippi River in company with many others, and we made our way to the place of camping on Sugar Creek, six or eight miles from Nauvoo.

On the 17th of the same month Brigham Young commenced to organize companies of hundreds, of fifties and companies of tens and gave instruction in regard to our moving westward, preparing outfits etc. The previous night was severely cold. On the morning of the 19th snow began to fall in large quantities, making everything around us look gloomy. On the 21st my father, with others, put up a coal pit to have coal for shoeing horses; word came to camp that the Mississippi had frozen over. Sunday March 1st. at 2 p. m. camp broke and we made a general move for the great West. The afternoon was warm, the snow was melting and the roads soon became muddy and miry, and dreadfully cut up with wagons. That night was terribly cold and it froze very hard. Tuesday, 3rd March, the people were called together by the sound of the bugle when President Young addressed them. He cautioned them to be careful and not crowd upon each other with their wagons while driving, and gave instructions to the pioneers in regard to their duty; likewise to the guard, that they bring up the rear and see that nothing was lost or left behind.

On the 8th of March we reached a point where we lay for several days owing to bad roads and bad weather. April 1st camp broke; it soon began to rain and continued all day. At times it came down in torrents. In a short time the earth became so soft that wagons mired down and could not be moved. Men, women and children got out to lighten up and were completly drenched with rain, and this while on a prairie, far from timber. It was a time of suffering. Those who reached timber fared but little better for the timber was mostly green elm and required a great effort to get it to burn. The next day teams were sent back to bring in the wagons and families. How our hearts ached for the little children having been out all night without a spark of fire to make them comfortable! It soon cleared up and in a few days the ground settled and the roads were good. About this time, I went with three others to buy corn of the Missourians and stayed all night with a Mr. John Ratcliff. He fed our teams some threshed oats and a few bundles in the sheaf; we furnished our own provisions and our

own bedding. The next morning when asked what his charge was, he said, "two dollars;" he was asked if that was not rather high; he replied: "I have been pestered enough with the Mormons once before in this State, and I am not going to be pestered any more for nothing." By the middle of April, young grass began to appear and the days warm. Snakes plentiful and bit several oxen and cows. Game was abundant especially wild turkeys. About the last of June, the advanced companies reached Council Bluffs, Iowa, and on the 30th we were met by Captain James Allen, of the U. S. Army, who called for five hundred men to assist in the war with Mexico. He stated that he was instructed by Colonel Kearney who also was instructed by the President of the United States, James K. Polk, to invite the Mormon people to become volunteers in the service of the United States for one year to go and help take California. He wanted five hundred men who could be ready to march in ten days and join Colonel Kearney, who was already on his way to Santa Fe. Those who volunteered would receive pay and rations and all other allowances the same as other soldiers and at the end of the year discharged and have all the arms, tents, camp kettles, in fact all the camp's accoutrements thrown into the bargain. Brigham Young, addressing Captain Allen, said, "You shall have your battalion if it has to be made up from our Elders." By the 16th of July, the required battalion was made up, my name among the enrolled, and the same day we marched eight miles to the Missouri River, near a French trading post, where Captain Allen issued to the battalion provisions, camp kettles, knives, forks, spoons and plates; also coffee, sugar and blankets. On the 21st at twelve o'clock, we took up the line of march for Fort Leavenworth, 200 miles distant, the men keeping time to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." To me as well as many others, it was rather a solemn time, though to a casual observer we might not have shown it Leaving families, friends, near and dear relatives, not knowing for how long, and perhaps to never see them again in this life and go at the call of our country, and this, too, just after Uncle Sam had suffered us to be driven from the States. On our arrival at Fort Leavenworth, numbers came out to meet Captain Allen, whom we now called Colonel. The Colonel seemed to be proud of his battalion, notwithstanding we were rather a ragged and dusty set of men. The people of the post were wonderfully taken up with our martial music and the Colonel complimented on his battalion as a noble looking set of men

Here Col. Allen issued to his command tents, muskets and all other accoutrements of United States Infantry. We also drew our clothing money for the year, which amounted to forty-two dollars each, the most of which was sent to our friends back at the bluffs to aid them, and for their support, etc. On the 13th of August, we started for California by way of Santa Fe, Col. Allen remaining behind to complete his outfit. The road was a foot deep with sand and dust; water scarce and very poor and some of the men almost famished for want of water. The baggage wagon broke down and did not arrive in camp until the next morning.

On the 19th, it was decided not to move camp but to await the arrival

of the hospital wagons in which to carry our sick, but owing to our beef cattle getting in and destroying the patches of corn belonging to the Indians, we moved forward four miles to Stone Coal Creek. By this time a storm of wind, rain and hail from the northwest was on us, capsizing tents, upsetting wagons, and rolling a Sergeant's carriage fifteen or twenty rods into the brush. Hats flew in all directions and covers were stripped from wagons.

Near by was a company of cavalry in camp and when the hail began to fall, their animals deserted and put for the timber several miles away, leaving their masters to take the storm in an open prairie by themselves. This, we gave the name of Hurricane Point. On the 21st, the hospital wagons arrived, also Adjutant Dykes with the intelligence that our Colonel was very sick at Fort Leavenworth. On the 26th, while moving, Indians came into camp. They laid down their arms in token of friendship. Some of the officers gave them bread; they appeared thankful and left. On the 26th of August, our quarter-master arrived from the garrison and announced the sorrowful fact that Col. James Allen was dead; that our Colonel departed this life Sunday morning, the 23rd instant. His loss was deeply mourned by the battalion who had become much attached to him, and on the 29th the battalion paid their last respects due Colonel Allen by falling into line and marching to a shady grove, where a funeral sermon was delivered by the Adjutant, George P. Dykes, who was followed by Captain Jefferson Hunt of Co. A. On the 3rd of September, in the afternoon, Lieutenant Smith, who had been accepted by our officers to act as Colonel *pro tem* in the place of Colonel Allen, began to show his love to the "Mormons" by ordering all the sick out of the wagons. He swore if they did not walk he would tie them to the wagons and drag them, unless they took such medicine as Dr. Sanderson prescribed. This the sick did not like to do and had refused because the doctor was known to be a Missouri mobber and had been heard to say he didn't care a d— whether he killed or cured. But Smith was told plainly that before the men would take the doctor's medicine they would leave their bones to bleach on the prairies. I might explain and say that Lieutenant Smith was an officer belonging to the regular army. The right of command properly belonged to Captain Hunt of Co. A.

The honor was conferred on Smith simply because he was a West Pointer and not altogether out of choice by the voice or vote of the battalion.

On the 5th of September we reached Cow Creek, where for the first time in my life I saw a Buffalo. The next day we passed an eminence from the top of which we saw hundreds and perhaps thousands of buffalo at one sight feeding in different herds.

On the 6th of September, some rain with heavy claps of thunder. A cow was killed by lightning and at evening we camped on the prairie. Here we had no wood and no water, except the little we had in our canteens. Using "buffalo chips" for fuel, we cooked buffalo meat, made coffee and felt we had an excellent supper. By daylight the next morning we were on the march for water. We made 15 miles to Walnut Creek, halted for breakfast and remained the balance

of the day: One of the men killed a nice young buffalo. While on the march we could see at times more than five hundred at once.

On the 11th about noon, we arrived at the Arkansas River and camped. At this point the river is four or five hundred yards wide and was nearly dry. The banks are low and a rise of four feet of water would overflow the bottom land for miles. As I stood on the bank and looked across I could scarcely see that there was any water. The view presented was a beautiful bed of sand from bank to bank. I took of my shoes, rolled up my pants and crossed over to get wood for our cooks. There were four little channels of water clear as crystal and about one foot deep. I could not help admiring this, to me, beautiful and singular river. From this point we marched up the river about one hundred miles, camping every night on its bank. In places the river was dry, but by making a hole in the sand a foot deep we were enabled to get plenty of water, and strange to say, where the water was running, our men caught a number of fish, cat, white bass and buffalo, by spearing them with bayonets. Along here the teams began to grow weak and thin in flesh. The grass was eaten off by the buffalo and other wild animals. For days we were not out of sight of great herds of buffalo, elk, antelope, wolves and badgers, and I wondered why they had not left that part of the country to hunt better living, for I thought a sheep could not find grass enough to live on, and yet the buffalo we killed were always in good order. At the crossing of the Arkansas river, we buried one of our men. It was believed his death was hastened by being forced to take medicine, for when the sick refused, the surgeon would abuse and curse and otherwise insult them. Leaving the Arkansas, two buffalo came running near our lines, when thirty or more muskets were fired at them, breaking the leg of one. The other, so far as I know, escaped without a hole in his robe. That day and the day following, men suffered for want of water. Many gave out and had to be hauled to camp in wagons. In the Cimmeron country, water was so scarce we had to dig for it, and when obtained it was so impregnated with some kind of mineral that neither man nor beast would hardly drink it, and here, too, in this dilemma, Colonel Smith, as we now called him, reduced us to two-thirds rations.

This brings to my mind the following which has since been told me. At the crossing of the Arkansas we overtook Colonel Price with his five hundred horsemen on his way to Santa Fe. The battalion was on short allowance, and Col. Smith sent his quarter master asking Price to spare provisions. Price replied that he did not haul provisions for Mormons. This intelligence raised Col. Smith's ire, and he informed Colonel Price if he did not let the provisions come, that he would let loose the Mormons and come down on him with his artillery. This on the part of Col. Smith produced the desired effect. Very likely Smith had an idea that possibly the Mormons had no great amount of love for Price, as he was in command of mob militia at Far West, and sanctioned the shooting of Joseph Smith and others on the public square in 1838.

On the 25th of September, we reached the Big Cold Spring, where

for the first time since leaving the Arkansas River, ten days before, we saw timber. The day before arriving at the Spring we counted the skull bones of 81 mules, said to have perished a year before during an equinoctial storm. Our guide said there were 190 mules perished and most of the men with them. The men were fur traders. On the 3rd of October, we were met by an express from General Kearney. I did not learn the particulars but the word in camp was to the effect that if the batalion was not in Santa Fe, by the 10th of October, it would be rejected. Receiving this intelligence, it was decided by the officers to take all the able bodied men and best teams and push forward in double quick time, leaving all the sick and weak teams with a few officers and able bodied men to bring up the rear as best they could, and in the afternoon of the 9th we arrived in Santa Fe, in the midst of a storm of rain and hail, and on the 12th, the rear or second division arrived. On the 13th of October Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke, by order of General Kearney, took command of the Mormon battalion. A detachment under Capt. James Brown, of Company C, with all the sick and infirm, were sent from Santa Fe to winter at Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, as it was thought inexpedient to undertake at that late season of the year, to continue them through to California. In that detachment I had a dear sister and a brother-in-law. At noon on the 19th, our new Colonel at the head of his command took up the line of march for California. Our course was south following the Rio Del Norte for three hundred miles, thence west over mountains and across trackless prairies and parched deserts for twelve hundred miles or more, before reaching the Pacific Coast.

Much of the time we were reduced to quarter rations and often had to sink wells on the desert for water. In my opinion no mortal man can fully describe or write a full history of that campaign as it really was. But enough, I will return to the Rio Del Norte. In our marching down the river we passed a great many Mexican towns and villages. Our camps were visited more or less every day by Mexicans who brought wood, corn, beans, meal, apples, grapes, wine, goat's milk, goat's cheese, onions, the finest I ever saw, tobacco and molasses, to barter for old shoes, old boots, pants, shirts, vests, brass buttons, pocket looking glasses, and horn combs, etc. They seemed to prefer such articles to gold and silver, and well they did, for it gave us a chance to treat ourselves to some of the luxuries of the country as well as to increase our scanty supply of provisions, for soon after leaving Santa Fe, we were reduced to half and finally to quarter rations. The road down the Del Norte was sandy, grass was scarce and our teams soon began to fail and give out. In passing over sandy hills and ridges, twenty or more men took hold of each wagon, some with long ropes and others lifting on the wheels. The men also carried their guns and knapsacks, as well as their cartridge boxes, in each of which there were 36 rounds of ammunition.

Pushing and pulling, living on short rations, was well calculated to use men up. It is my understanding that Colonel Cooke was told by his

guides to lay in provisions for 120 days; instead of that he only laid in 60 days; that the excuse was it could not be had at Santa Fe, nor teams to haul it. Men grew weak, beef cattle became poor, and it was the custom to kill work animals, such as worn-out oxen, and issue the meat to the battalion. The best and fattest the Colonel gave orders not to kill, but only such as become weak and unable to work. The strongest and best oxen were reserved for duty. We passed large flocks of sheep and goats, herded by Mexicans dressed in leather with blankets around their shoulders. They carried bows and arrows in their hands and kept dogs by their sides. Some had a staff or long stick, with sharp spear heads. The sight looked novel. At one place our commander purchased three hundred sheep to be driven along for the use of the command as mutton. They were a scrubby looking lot, and they soon became so poor that they could scarcely keep up with the battalion, and whenever a sheep gave out by the way it was killed and eaten by the rear guard or poor worn out soldiers who had fallen behind, being unable to keep up with the main army. Before leaving the Rio Del Norte it was discovered that quite a number of men were too sick and weak to carry their muskets and knapsacks and stand the journey through to California; accordingly another detachment of sixty odd, under Lieutenant Willis, was sent to Pueblo to winter. Colonel Cooke now gave orders to the commander of companies to leave ox-wagons and pack the baggage on mules and oxen. It was laughable to witness the antics of the frightened oxen after their packs were on. Some said they "kicked up before and reared up behind," bellowing, snorting, jumping up, wheeling round and pawing and goring the ground. However, they soon became perfectly gentle. We were some ways out of the settlements. The waters of the Rio del Norte were turbid. Some of our men caught fish, and one evening a beaver was captured by one of the guides. One of our men killed a deer, another a turkey.

In some places there was an immense amount of broken pottery-ware strewed all over the face of the country for acres in extent. It had the appearance of stoneware and some glass. There were some Mexicans traveling with the battalion on their way over the Rocky Mountains to trade with Indians. They said the Spaniards or Mexicans knew nothing about how such ware came to be there and that the Indians of the country have no such articles; much of it was nicely glazed and flowered.

Wednesday, Nov. 11th: Clear. Marched 15 miles and camped on the river. Here we had plenty of wood, and grass. Today we saw Indian wigwams, the first we have seen for a long time, and here some of Col. Cooke's hunters killed a few turkeys and one deer. Here timber is more plentiful and the soil better.

Thursday, Nov. 12th: Marched about 15 miles. Today an ox extremely poor and weak, gave out. He was killed and dressed, the meat brought to camp and dealt out to the army. In the evening several of the boys organized a debating club to pass off the time as well as so gain information on different topics. I also took part in the debates, and although living on soup made from the

carcasses of poor, given out oxen and sheep, thickened slightly with flour, less than half rations, we felt well and had good times in our polemics and only regretted we did not have full rations of soup, poor as it was, and thus go on our way rejoicing.

Friday, Nov. 13th. Clear and warm. Our guide says the month of November is the hardest, coldest winter month in the year. Marched 16 miles to the top of a mountain and camped by a natural reservoir in the rock. This well is about 15 feet in diameter and 20 feet in depth of water. This morning we took final leave of the Rio del Norte to travel in a southwesterly direction.

Sunday, Nov. 15th was a rainy day; camp did not move. Some of the boys went out to hunt antelope. When they came in they reported that up the creek about five miles they found a large vineyard with good grapes of the tame variety, such as the Mexicans have, still hanging on their vines. Their vines were standing in nice regular rows. They brought to camp some of the clusters. While in camp the boys brought in an old white ox that gave out the day before. He was killed and the meat was issued as rations. The meat was jelly like in looks, but it was saved and made into soup. This creek was named White Ox Creek, and the valley White Ox Valley.

Monday, 16th, was clear and cool, marched 15 miles and camped by a weak spring; grass was plentiful but wood was scarce except fine brush and soap weed which was used for fuel. Here we saw as many as 30 holes cut in a large, solid, flat rock, from 12 to 14 inches deep, and from 6 to 10 inches in diameter. These it was supposed were used fo catch water when it rained. Near our camp some of the men found a lot of antelope and deer skins, dried or cured, and stored away in some rocks. They probably belonged to Indians. At this camp were strong indications of gold, as also of copper, so it was said by some of the men.

On the 18th, we marched 20 miles and encamped on the Membris, a beautiful running stream, which sank in the sand not far below our camp. The surrounding country was beautiful. That day I was well nigh used up, being weak and not well at all. The days were warm and the nights cool.

On the 19th we marched 23 miles. As we were nearing camp one of my mess-mates slipped out of ranks, and as luck would have it, killed a fine antelope and brought it to camp. It was a risky piece of business, as orders from the Colonel were that no soldier leave the ranks without permission. The country over which we have traveled for the past few days for beauty of landscape can scarcely be excelled. The soil good but no timber in sight, abundance of grass and herds of antelopes almost always in sight. It is what is known as "table land."

On the 20th the camp did not move. The guides had been ahead and reported there were no signs of water except at one place about twelve miles ahead, and in their opinion there was none short of the Gila River, one hundred miles distant. This was discouraging news.

At this the Colonel called a council with his officers, and in the meantime he ordered a smoke to be made on a hill near by to attract, if pos-

sible, an Indian from whom some information might be had in regard to a route or pass through the mountains to the Gila. Some Mexican movers espied the signal and came dashing up on their horses, frightening one of our men who happened to be a little ways from camp gathering wood. He dropped his load and ran for dear life, to the merriment of all who witnessed it. These Mexicans seemed to know nothing about the route across the country to the Gila River. Our guides had never traveled through this part of the country, but had traveled through north and south of our trail, and knew if a cut off could be made it would save a great many marches and this was what the Colonel wished to do. The Colonel and council finally decided to follow the copper mine road, which the guides said led in a southwesterly direction through Mexican settlements where food and fresh teams could be had.

It was said we were now in the province of Chihuahua, and on the morning of the 21st, the command resumed its journey, marching in a southerly direction, when it was found that the road began to bear southeast instead of southwest, as stated by the guides. The Colonel halted and looked in the direction of the road, then to the southwest, then west, saying, "I don't want to get under General Wool and lose my trip to California; this is not my course, I was ordered to California;" and with an oath he said he was not going all around the world to get to California "I will go there or die in the attempt." Then turning to the bugler, he said, "Blow the right." At this juncture a soldier involuntarily exclaimed, "God bless the Colonel." The Colonel heard it. He glanced his penetrating eyes around to discern whence the voice, but said nothing, leading the way in a due west course. And here I may explain. When it was decided by the Colonel and his staff on the 20th to follow the copper mine road leading in a southwesterly direction as stated by the guides, and through Mexican settlements, etc., a gloom was cast over every soldier, for it was the opinion that to go through the country where the enemy was stationed without meeting with an engagement would be almost impossible. Unknown to the Colonel, every mess in camp had been visited the evening before by two fatherly men, namely, David Pettigrew and Levi W. Hancock, earnestly requesting all to ask the Lord at evening prayers to direct our course for the best, even to changing the mind of the Colonel not to march through the copper mine country, and when the Colonel ordered the bugler to blow the right, a sudden relief and feelings of joy were in every heart, for we felt that our humble prayers were heard and answered. Marched 12 miles and camped without water. The next morning we were busy watering our stock till nearly 11 o'clock, having to drive the stock 2 miles to water that had been found late the previous evening. After filling our canteens we marched about 18 miles and camped without water or wood. I became sick and felt like vomiting. This was caused by eating fruit that grew on a weed. It had the flavor of dried apples and made me very thirsty. How sorry I was to learn there was no water at this camping

and every canteen empty. Others who partook of the fruit complained of a sickly feeling, and like myself were very thirsty.

Our guides were still ahead in search of water. Near the setting of the sun we saw in the distance a smoke believed to be a signal that water was found. By sunrise the next morning we were on the march, and at 1 p. m. arrived at the spot, but the spring was so small we were ordered to continue ten or twelve miles further where it was said water was plentiful. The ox teams were still behind, and orders were left for them to camp here. Water was so scarce I failed to get a swallow and only a few of the men did. I was told there was a hole full of water, but the Colonel and his staff together with the mules drank it, and the little water that was left was gathered up with spoons by thirsty soldiers to moisten their parched lips. It was not until 8 at night that the front rank reached the water on the west side of a dry lake. That day was a day of suffering, men and teams gave out and were all hours of the night coming into camp. I remember how provoking it was, for it seemed there was a lake only a short distance away, but we could never gain on it, as it kept about the same distance off. It was a mirage. The following day we lay by, to await the arrival of the ox teams. At this encampment we met Mexicans who had been over the mountains to trade with Indians, of whom the Colonel purchased a few mules. The messes bought dried meats, but owing to it being so fat and oily, it was believed to be horse flesh. But let that be as it may, I thought it the best dried meat I had ever eaten. The next day we left Dry Lake and made 18 miles over rough roads, which we had to make crossing, as we believed, the back-bone of North America. At night we had plenty of wood, water and grass. Near camp one of the guides killed a grizzly bear. The meat was brought to camp and eaten for supper. The next day we traveled down a valley; on each side were mountains covered with rocks, and pine and cedar timber, the soil loose and rich. During that day's march men began to lag, slip out of ranks and lie down until overtaken by the rear guard and brought into camp. To-day I saw a large flock of quails, handsomer than those found in the States, of a bluish color and about the size, with beautiful top-knots.

Saturday, Nov. 28th, made a short march. The country abounds with antelope and black-tailed deer. Antelope go in herds like sheep, and the meat is excellent. The meat of the black-tailed deer is not so sweet as the Virginia deer, yet it is good game for the hunter. The Colonel sent for an Indian to learn if there was a pass leading through or over the mountain. Late in the evening the guides brought in a chief of the Apache nation, who said there was a pass leading on over the mountain, that pack animals only could go. The next day the Colonel ordered the loads taken out of the wagons, and placed on pack mules to be sent over the mountains. I was detailed to lead a pack animal but feeling so unwell I hired one of my mess-mates to go in my place. At dark the packers returned, reported the road bad and the distance about ten miles. By 9 o'clock next morning the battalion was on the march with pack animals and empty

wagons. In descending, wagons were let down over ledges and steep places by men holding on to long ropes attached to them. By some mishap one got loose, rolling down the mountain with such force as to completely ruin it.

Tuesday, December 1st. At 9 a. m. camp broke; marched about seven miles and made an early stop. On the 2nd of December, we marched 9 miles and came out into an open broken country and camped by the ruins of some old Spanish buildings. Here we were visited by Apache Indians who had baked roots called "mescal" to sell. The roots were sweet and nutritious. They seemed to know we were short of provisions. Our Colonel bought of them a mule. My health was so poor I could scarcely travel. Every muscle in my body was as sore as if I had been beaten with a club. Having brought a little ginger from Fort Leavenworth; I made tea and drank it. As to my weakness, I attributed it to short rations.

The guides said there were plenty of wild cattle in the country. The next day the camp rested and four men were sent from each company to hunt wild cattle. Twelve head were killed, seven by the men of company B. We thought the wild cattle meat far sweeter than the State's beef. We were overtaken at this place by a soldier who had left camp a few days before to hunt for game. He came in minus his gun and the most of his clothes and was nearly starved to death. Said he had been robbed by the Indians, had lost his way and accidentally struck our trail and finding Captain Hunter's dead horse, feasted on the carcass so as to keep body and soul together till his arrival in camp.

[To be Continued.]

THE ANCIENT AND COLONIAL FAMILY OF PEYTON, OF VIRGINIA, TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF ITS EMINENT MEMBERS.—No. IV.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN H. PEYTON IN A CRIMINAL CASE.

Shortly after his eldest son, Wm. entered upon the practice of law in 1823, when attending court at the Warm Springs, Bath Co., he mortified his father, Hon. John Howe Peyton, exceedingly by a piece of off-hand levity, which the latter regarded as a most undignified proceeding, unworthy of the profession. Young Wm. Peyton was employed to defend a man charged with horse stealing, and as there was only circumstantial evidence to prove his guilt. W. M. Peyton, who was much exhiliarated, for it must be remembered that the case came on after dinner, set up the defence that according to the principles of science, and of a new science likely to prove both useful and ornamental, it was impossible his client could be guilty. He then referred to and explained the theories of Gall and Spurzheim, and declared that according to the phrenological bumps

on the head of his client, theft was a crime he was incapable of committing. He argued with much gravity and ingenuity in this direction, amidst the suppressed giggling of the bar, to the great chagrin of his father, who was the public prosecutor, and to the thorough mistification of the county court. This body was composed of country gentlemen, unacquainted with law, and it was one of their boasts that they made up their decisions, not so much in accordance with the principles of common law, as of common sense. W. M. Peyton went on, and drawing from his desk a copy of Combe's phrenology, illustrated with plates, exhibited it to the jury, and declared that at the point on the periscranium of his client, where there should be a protuberance if he were capable of robbery, there was not the slightest development, and asked, what is the value of science, if we discard its teaching? He then made an animated and eloquent appeal to the feelings of the jury, based upon the the humane principle of the common law, that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer, and declaring his conviction of the prisoner's innocence, asked them to give him the benefit of every doubt, or in other words, lean to the side of mercy.

His father, in reply, commented severely upon the airiness of his son, as inconsistent with the administration of justice and the dignity of the profession. He ridiculed Gall and Spurzheim's far-fetched theories, which he declared were not scientific deductions, but only speculative opinions, brought the whole defence into contempt, by referring to the human skeleton, saying, "If you run your eye down the spine it alights upon the *oscoccygis*." Neither the court nor the jury understanding what these words meant, but overcome by the ludicrous manner of Mr. Peyton, both burst in to a hearty laugh. "Now" he continued, "this oscoccygis is nothing more nor less than a rudimentary tail, as Lord Monbeddo has well said, and I suppose we shall have some modern philosopher startling the world again with the proposition that man once flourished a tail, but of which the civilized use of a chair has, in process of time, deprived him." He continued, somewhat in this style, "I mean nothing against philosophers or tails, both are useful in their way. What would a cow do without her tail, especially on our fly-pestered prairies, or the Pampas of South America? What would a monkey do without their caudal appendage and its prehensile quality? With him it takes the place of hands. And shall we have philosophers telling us that we received our hands when we lost our tails, and that the monkey lost the use of his hands because of his peculiar facility of using a tail? A beautiful science," said he, "is the phrenology, according to the theory of the learned counsel for the prisoner. To all standing in the unenviable position of his client, it will prove, if the learned gentlemen be correct, not only a thing of beauty, but a source of comfort and a joy forever. To the murderer, the burglar, the highwayman, to all in fact, who wish to be rid of the responsibility which attaches to their actions, it will become a positive blessing. Not to these only, but to the entire community — it

opens a brilliant prospect of life, of life as it should be in this enlightened age, at this advanced period in the progress of the world. Upon the ruins of our present immature civilization it will uprear a charming state of society. Under the vivifying influence of this new system, mankind will be happy, perfectly happy; and until the auspicious day when the new order commences, this "consummation so devoutly to be wished," need not be anticipated. Throughout the world, or at least so much of it as is illuminated by the sun of phrenology, perfect liberty will obtain, and the present generation will wonder at the darkness in which their ancestors groped. Justice will reign supreme, and our statute books will be no longer disgraced by those dreadful laws founded in ignorance, superstition and cruelty, which consigns a helpless and irresponsible man, criminal you call him, to the merciless hands of the executioner. It will be clear as the noon-day son, that law and liberty cannot co-exist, that they are natural enemies. Along with this knowledge will come a resolution to demolish the whole system of our jurisprudence, to cart off the rubbish and substitute in place thereof a new, nobler, and higher civilization. Poor weak man will no longer be held accountable for his actions. The infirmities of his nature will become a recognized principle, that men are but men. It will be understood that from the foundation of the world it was determined, predestined, and fore-ordained that he should act thus and thus, and that, therefore, he cannot be justly rewarded for any action however meritorious, nor punished for any crime, as we term it, how attrocious soever. Men will stand aghast that laws should have existed, and for so many ages, for afflicting a human being for actions, over which it is clear, according to the prisoner's counsel, he had no control—actions, in fact, which they were bound to perform, by an irresistible law of human nature. Then will it be seen that men commit murder, perpetrate rape, and apply the torch because they cannot help it. Gentlemen of the jury, no line of argument would be shorter —I leave to determine its soundness."

"But to be serious," said Mr. Peyton, who though cheerful in his disposition, had a manner so tempered with gravity as to check the sallies of indecent levity, "I must refer, before closing, to the conduct of the prisoner's counsel, and remark that some speakers are more anxious to display their eloquence, than to promote the public good. Now when this is the case, as I must charitably suppose it to be on this occasion, oratory is a useless gift, and such fine speeches as we have had to-day are simply disgusting. When great talents are employed to support a bad cause, perhaps from selfish motives, (I trust and believe that this is not the case now), they are objects of universal contempt. Oratory, with all its pleasing charms become an instrument of mischief, when used by an unprincipled man, as, when resorted to by a good man, its happy influences almost exceed belief. An orator, who thus uses his talents, without reference to his personal interests, if he do not succeed in his efforts, at least enjoys self approbation and that of his God."

In this manner Mr. Peyton threw the defence into ridicule and disre-

pute. This sound sense and keen sarcasm was too much for Dr. Wm. Peyton's after dinner eloquence, and from a brief consultation, the jury returned and delivered a verdict condemning the prisoner to the penitentiary for two years.

The Hon. David Fultz, of Staunton, recently judge of the circuit superior court of Augusta county, who was present on this occasion, told the writer twenty years ago that he had never, during his career at the bar, been so much interested or amused by any trial as this. The disgust of my father at such a defence being set up, the elation of his son at the probable success of his ruse, the bewilderment of the court and jury, both of whom seemed lost in a fog, the suppressed merriment of the audience, which did not comprehend exactly all that was transpiring, but which to some extent entered into the fun, rendered the whole scene inimitable.

MR. PEYTON'S VIEWS AS TO A FIDDLING LAWYER.

"Music," said Mr. P., "is out of place in a court house. I never knew a fiddling lawyer to succeed, especially if nature designed him to play that useful, yet much despised instrument, the "second fiddle,"—a good enough instrument for a duet, but one on which no successful *solo* was ever played.

MR. PEYTON'S RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL TOPICS.

In 1840 Mr. P. and his brother-in-law, Colonel Wm. L. Lewis, met at the home of a mutual friend. In religion Col. L. was a Roman Catholic and in politics a disciple of John C. Calhoun. Discussion arose between them and became so warm on part of Col. Lewis, that their friends feared they might result in a feud. Not so, however. Mr. P.'s moderation was equal to his vigor, and he soothed his brother's discomfitures by his logical reasoning.

"There is no necessity, William" he would say, "for difference of opinion creating hostility. It must be admitted by all that there is great variety in the tastes, habits and opinions of mankind, and it is necessary to harmony that it should be so. That partial discord tends to general harmony is more than poetically true, for, if all men were to set their minds upon living in the same climate, or under the same government; or, if all the people of a country had an unconquerable desire to live in the same town; if all the inhabitants of a town were to have a good opinion of only one physician, or of only one preacher, or lawyer, or mechanic, or could only relish one article of food, or fancy only the same dress; or, if all men were to fall in love with the same woman, or all the women with the same man, what would be the consequence? Why from a feeling of seeming agreement, universal discord would result.

Even the value of truth is best appreciated by the opposition it meets with, and falsehood and error are detected by the discriminating powers of opposite sensations and feelings. That there should not be uniformity of opinion upon many important subjects, such as the theory of government, etc., must be the stamp of heaven. For myself, I claim freedom of opinion as an inherent right, provided it does not disturb the established order of society. I fear

your nullification views go this length. However, let me proceed: No man has a right to be offended at my opinion, or hold me in contempt for entertaining it, for it does him no injury; and what I claim for myself, common justice requires that I should allow to others; and did we well consider, that this disparity of disposition must be the designation of an overruling Intelligence, we surely should not suffer it to be the cause of feelings of animosity to our fellow human beings, though their political or religious opinions should be the opposite of our own—still less such old friends as ourselves. For, continued Mr. Peyton, unless we had been subjected to the same involuntary impressions and sensations that other persons have been, which is, perhaps, impossible, we can be no judges of the merits or demerits of their opinions, or how they have outraged truth and reason, even admitting that they are in error. If it should be contended that truth and reason are immutable, and when two differ upon a fundamental truth, there must be a deviation from reason and truth in one of the parties. I would admit it to be so, if the question was susceptible of mathematical demonstration.

This is rarely the case—were I to meet a man who should contend that two and two do not make four, or that the amount of degrees in three angles of a triangle are not equal to the amount of degrees in two right angles, I must justly charge him with folly or wilful falsehood; but, in whatever does not admit of demonstration, our convictions are our feelings; and our feelings depend more upon involuntary impressions than we are often willing to allow. Certainly truth and reason are the most likely to prevail with cultivated minds, for truth and reason are the most likely to make the right impression, but we are too apt to over-value our own kind of knowledge, while we underrate that of others.

In point of real utility, the knowledge of the man who is skilled in the breeding and feeding of cattle is more valuable to society than is the knowledge of him who is skilled in mathematics, yet the latter will look down upon the former, when, perhaps, the only advantage he has over him is the being able to convey his knowledge in more correct and perspicuous language; and unless we possessed all kind of knowledge in an equal degree, we are liable to be imposed upon in some things, either by thinking too little upon them, or too much, to the exclusion of other branches of knowledge, the possession of which, though seemingly foreign to the subject, may be necessary to its clear elucidation; for it is by possession of general knowledge only that we can claim a superior title to correctness in every particular. A, may be able to solve a difficult problem in mathematics; B can not do this, but B can make a plow upon true mechanical principles which A can not; if C can do both, C must be superior to A or B; but all mankind are in the situation of A or B, as possessing only partial knowledge. We should all, therefore, be indulgent to each others deficiencies. Still, my superior in general knowledge and learning, may be the dupe of a weak prejudice, without justifying an impeachment of either. "I have a brother-in-law" he would look askant

at Colonel Lewis when getting off this kind of fillip, "of whose cleverness and general knowledge I have a very high opinion, yet in politics we are quite opposite. We indeed worship different idols, and the only superiority I can pretend to claim over him is, that I can bear for him to adore his idol, even in my presence, and yet keep my temper—a compliment he can not always repay."

"Judge!" exclaimed the Colonel, jumping to his feet and walking hastily to and fro across the room, "I may warm with the subject, but as for being offended with you it is out of the question. I never have and never will so far forget myself."

"Come, come, be seated," Mr. Peyton would rejoin, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder, "Let me proceed. Of course you will not think I wish to depreciate the value of truth and reason, I only wish to urge that the seeming want of them in others may be deceptions, and should not be the cause of contempt, acrimony or ridicule. All are enamoured with even the shadow of truth, and should see the substance, if in their power, but placed in a variety of lights and shades, some can only see the shadow, and mistake it for the substance." Thus their fraternal discussions proceeded and terminated in the discomfiture of Col. Lewis, who though a clever man, an eloquent talker, full of confidence, and abundance of zeal, was no such logician as Mr. Peyton, and left not the slightest pain rankling in his bosom.

"Now, William," said Mr. Peyton, "I can not flatter myself that I shall convince you of any errors, which in my opinion, you have been guilty of in this respect. That is no reason, however, why I should not attempt to make you entertain a disbelief of all foolish impossibilities. For example, there is the fallacious science of astrology—it has been the game of a few designers in all ages. for sordid interest, to have duped others and been duped themselves. In ancient times they were, in Alexandria, compelled to pay a certain tax, which was called the 'Fool's Tax,' because it was raised on the gain that these impostors made from the foolish credulity of those who believed in their powers of soothsaying. Well may believers in this science be called 'fools,' when they do not seem to consider that if the principles of judiciary astrology were correct, and its rules certain, the hands of the Almighty would be tied, and ours would be tied also. All our actions, all our most secret thoughts, all our slightest movements, would be engraven in the heavens in ineffaceable characters, and liberty of conduct would be entirely taken away from us. We should be necessitated to evil as to good, since we should do absolutely what was written in the conjectured register of the stars, otherwise there would be falsehood in the book, and uncertainty in the science of the astrologer. How we should laugh at a man who thought of settling a serious matter of business by a throw of the dice. Yet the decision of astrology is just as uncertain. Our fate depends upon places, persons, times, circumstances, our own will; not upon the fantastical conjunctions inspired by charlatans.

"Suppose two men are born on our planet, at the same hour and on the

same spot. One becomes a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and the other an emperor, or a commander-in-chief of an army. Ask an astrologer the cause of the difference. In all probability he will reply, 'It was so willed by Jupiter.'

Pray what is this Jupiter? Why, it is a planet, a body without cognigance, that acts only by its influence. How comes it then, that Jupiter's influence acts at the same moment and in the same climate in so different a manner? How can that influence differ in its power? How can it take place at all? How can it penetrate the vast extent of space? An atom —the most minute molecule of matter would stop it, or turn it from its course, or diminish its power. Are the stars always exercising an influence, or do they exercise it only on certain occasions? If they exercise an influence only periodically, when the particles which, it is intended, are detached from them, are moving to our sphere, an astrologer must know the precise time of their arrival in order to decide rightly upon their effect. If on the other hand, the influences are perpetual, with what wonderful speed they must rush through the vast extent of space! How marvelous too must be the alliance they form with those vivacious passions which originate the principal actions of our lives! For if the stars regulate all our feelings and all our proceedings, their influence must work with the same rapidity as our wills, since it is by them our will is determined.

MR. PEYTON'S ORIGINALITY AND POWER OF ILLUSTRATION.

"I recall a conversation," says one of Mr. P.'s biographers, "just after a protracted term of the Augusta Circuit Court, in which the late Judge Lucas P. Thompson and Gen. B. G. Baldwin bore the leading parts. Gen. B. was paying generous tribute to Mr. Peyton's force and originality. Judge Thompson remarked in substance, that he had never seen Mr. Peyton go through a cause deeply interesting and moving him, in which he did not utter some view or sentiment illuminated by genius, or at the least, some illustration marked by a bold originality; and he instanced two causes, tried at the last term—one a civil suit and a very heavy will case, in which he made a novel and scorching application of a familiar fable of Æsop. I forbear to give its details, because both the critic and his subject have passed from earth.

"In the same cause three signatures were to be identified and proved —that of the testator and also of the two attending witnesses—all three having died since their attestation. Many witnesses were called to prove the genuineness of the three names. Opposing counsel sought to badger the witnesses by urging them to specify what peculiar marks there were in the handwriting and signatures, whereby they could speak so positively as to their identity and genuineness. This of course for the most part they could not do, and in the argument of the cause before the jury the same counsel strove to throw discredit and contempt upon those witnesses (all men of good character) for their failure and inability so to describe the quality and peculiar marks in the caligraphy of the signers as to show they were familiar with their

handwriting. In his reply to those sallies of his opponents, Mr. Peyton swept away the whole airy fabric by a single happy illustration:

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have often been assempled in crowds on some public or festive occasion. Your hats have been thrown pell-mell in a mass with perhaps a hundred other hats, all having a general resemblance. Suppose you had attempted to describe your hat to a friend or servant, so that he might go and pick it out for you. It has as many points for accurate description as a written signature—its color, height of crown, width of brim, its band, lining, &c. Do you think that friend or servant could by any possibility have picked out your hat for you? And yet when you went yourself, the moment your eye would light upon it, you instantly recognize it amongst a hundred, or five hundred other hats. Familiarity with it has stamped its picture on your mind and the moment you see it, the hat fills and fits the picture on your mind as perfectly as the same hat fits your head."

The jury were evidently won, and gave full credence to the ridiculed witnesses.

The other instance during the same term (cited by Judge Thompson) occurred in the celebrated prosecution of Naaman Roberts for forgery—in forging the name of Col. Adam Dickinson to a bond for six hundred dollars.

The body of the bond was confessedly the handwriting of the prisoner at the bar. That was admitted. The signature was a tolerably successful attempt at imitating the peculiar handwriting of Adam Dickinson. But no expert could look at the whole paper and fail to see a general resemblance between the body of the instrument and the signature, raising a strong conviction in the mind that both proceeded from the same hand.

The defence strongly insisted upon excluding the body of the instrument from the view of the witness, by covering it with paper, or turning it down, and so confining the view to the signature only—upon the familiar doctrine of the law of evidence forbidding a comparison of various hand-writings of the party, as a ground for an opinion upon the identity or genuineness of the disputed writing. And this point was ably and elaborately argued by the prisoner's counsel.

The learned prosecutor met it thus:

"Gentlemen this is one entire instrument, not two or more brought into comparison. Let me ask each one of you, when you meet your friend, or when you meet a stranger, in seeking to identify him, what do you look at? Not his nose, though that is the most prominent feature of the human face; not at his mouth, his chin, his cheek; no, you look him stright in the eye, so aplty called the 'window of the soul.' You look him in the eye, but at the same time you see his whole face. Now put a mask on that face, leaving only the eyes visible, as the learned counsel would have you mask the face of this bond, leaving to your view only the fatal signature.

"If the human face so masked was the face of your bosom friend, could you for a moment identify him, even though permitted to look in at those 'windows of the soul?' No; he would be as strange to you as this accursed

bond has ever been strange to that worthy gentleman, Colonel Adam Dickinson, but a glance at whose face traces the guilty authorship direct to the prisoner at the bar."

This striking illustration seemed to thrill the whole audience as it virtually carried the jury.

HISTORICUS.

THE FIRST MOTHERS OF VIRGINIA.—MAIDS SENT OVER TO BECOME WIVES OF THE COLONISTS.

Family ties bind men to a fixed habitation. The greater number of the first Colonists came to Virginia as adventurers who expected at some future time to return and die in their native land. This was a serious matter to the London Company, whose chief object was to secure the permanency of the Virginia Colony. This could only be achieved by the establishment of homes on the banks of the James, and the Company resolved to secure the much desired result by sending over women to become wives of the Planters.

The resolution was carried into effect, and the first women sent by the Company, sailed on board the ship "Marmaduke" for Virginia in August, 1621. In the instructions which she carried from the London Company to the Council at Jamestown, occurred in the following language:

"We send you in this shipp one widdow and eleven maids for wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choise of them for there hath not any one of them beene received but uppon good commendations, as by a noat herewith sent, you may perceive: We pray you all therefore in general to take them into your care, and most especiably we recommend them to you, Mr. Pountes, that at their first landing they may be housed, lodged and provided for of diet till they be marryed, for such was the hast of sending them away, as that straightened with time, we had no meanes to put provisions aboard; and in case they cannot be presently marryed, we desire they may be putt to several householders till they can be provided of husbands. * * * And though we are desirouse that marriadge be free according to the law of nature, yett under vow, have not these maids deterred and marryed to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have meanes to maintain them; we pray you therefore to be fathers to them in this bussiness, not enforcing them to marrie against their wills."

The second shipment was made in the ship "Tyger," in September, 1621, and numbered thirty-eight, of whom the Company said: "We send you as many mayds and young women as will make upp the number of fiftie, with those twelue formerly sent in the Marmaduke, which we hope shall be receiued with the same Christian pietie and charitie as they were sent from hence."

GREAT CARE IN THE SELECTION OF GIRLS.

"We haue used extraordinary care

and diligence in the choise of them, and haue receiued none of whom we haue not had good testimony of theire honest life and cariadge, which together with their names, we send there inclosed for the sattisfaction of such as shall marry them."

LIBERTY IN MARRIAGE ALLOWED.

This and theire owne good deserts together with your fouor and care, will, we hope, marry them all unto honest and sufficient men, whose meanes will reach to present re-payment; but if any of them shall unwarily or fondly bestow himself (for the liberty of marriage we dare not infrindge) upon such as shall not be able to give present satisfaction, we desire that at least as soon as ability shall be, they be compelled to pay the true quantity of tobacco, proper cured, and that this debt may haue precedence of all others to be recouered."

WIVES NOT SOLD.

It has been asserted by some historians that these maids were sold by the Company to the planters as wives; in other words, that the first mothers of Virginia were sold as merchandise and that the London Company sent them over as a matter of speculation. These so-called historians were ignorant of the facts or wilfully falsified the same, as will be seen by the following extract from the records of the Company under date of November 21, 1621:

"The Third poll was for sending of Mayds to Virginia to be made Wyves, which the planters there did verie much desire, by the want of whome have sprunge the greatest hindrances of the increase of the Plantation, in that most of them esteeminge Virginia not as a place of Habitation, but only of a short soiournige have applyed themselves and their labors wholly to the raisinge of present profits, and utterly neglected not only staple commodities but even the verie necessaries of man's life, in reguard whereof and to prevent so great an inconvenience hereafter whereby the Planters minds may be the faster tyed to Virginia by the bonds of Wyves and Children, care hath bin taken to provide them younge, handsome and honestly educated Mayds, whereof 50 are already sent to Virginia, being such as were specially recommended to the Companie for their good bringing up by their parents or friends of good worth; which Mayds are to be disposed in marriage to the most honest and industrious planters, *who are to defray and satisfie to the Adventurers the charges of their passages and provisions at such rate as they and the Adventurer's Agents there shall agree.*"

Certainly there was no sale of wives in Virginia. The sole object in sending women there was to establish homes and thereby secure the permanency of the Colony, and the planters who wedded them, were only required to pay the expense of the passage to America.

These maids were virtuous, honest, educated and of "good bringinge up." Such was the character of the first mothers of Virginia, and it is not surprising that from them have descended generations who, alike in war and peace, have added lustre to our National annals.

ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE.

Of all the celebrated characters of Pioneer Times, there were none more remarkable than Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley. Her maiden name was Hennis and she was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1742. When she was in her nineteenth year, her parents both having died, she crossed the ocean to find relatives of the name of Bell, then (1761) residing near Staunton, Virginia. Here soon after (1765) she wedded Richard Trotter, a distinguished frontiersman and a survivor of Braddock's Defeat.

A cabin was reared near where Swope's Depot on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway now stands, and there in 1767 a son, William, was born. The year 1774, brought with it Dunmore's War and Richard Trotter enlisted in General Lewis' army and at the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774, yielded up his life in an attempt to plant civilization on the banks of the Ohio.

From the moment the widow heard of her husband's death, a strange, wild fancy seemed to possess her, and she resolved to avenge his death. Leaving her little son to the care of a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, she at once entered upon a career which has no parallel in Virginia annals. Clad in the costume of the border, she hastened away to the recruiting stations, where she urged enlistments with all the earnestness which her zeal and heroism inspired. Then she became a nurse, a messenger, a scout, and for eleven years she fearlessly dashed along the whole western border, going wherever her services required, and thus the wilderness road from Staunton to Point Pleasant was all familiar to her.

November 3, 1785, at Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county, she was married a second time, her husband being John Bailey, a distinguished frontiersman from the Roanoke river. Fort Lee, was erected by the Clendenins on the present site of the city of Charleston in 1788–9, and to it John Bailey and his heroic bride at once removed.

In 1791 the fort was besieged by a large body of Indians, and to the terror of the garrison, it was found that the supply of powder in the magazine was almost exhausted. A hundred miles of wilderness lay between Fort Lee and Lewisburg, the only place from which a supply of powder could come. Colonel George Clendenin, the commandant at Fort Lee, asked for volunteers to go to Lewisburg, but not a soldier in that garrison would brave the task. Then was heard in a female voice the words "I WILL GO," and every inmate of the fort recognized the voice of Anne Bailey.

The fleetest horse in the stockade was brought out and the daring rider mounted and disappeared in the forest. Onward she sped. Darkness and day were one to her. It was a ride for life and there could be no stop. Lewisburg was reached; there was but a short delay and she was returning

with two horses laden with powder. The garrison in Fort Lee welcomed her return, and she entered it, as she had left it, under a shower of balls. The men thus supplied, sallied forth and forced the savages to raise the siege.

That ride has been commemorated in song as well as story. Charles Robb, of the United States Army, was at Gauley Bridge, in 1861, and having learned the story from the mountaineers, wrote the following, which at the time, appeared in the Clermont, (Ohio) *Courier*:

ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE—A LEGEND OF THE KANAWHA.

BY CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The Army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Height to Cross Lane fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentries stood,
Our scouts held post in every wood,
And every path was stained with blood,
From Scary creek to Gauley flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes—
Whilst heavy clouds, like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountain green
With dark, foreboding, misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had pitched their tents by the river's side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered around the camp-fire bright,
That threw its glare on the misty night;
And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold.
Thus, one a tale of horror told
That made the very blood run cold;
One spoke of suffering and of wrong;
Another sang a mountain song;

One spoke of home and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheek the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon misty night;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.

Then spake a hardy mountaineer—
(His beard was long, his eye was clear;
And clear his voice, of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own)—

"I've heard a legend old," he said,
"Of one who used these paths to tread
Long years ago, when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring bravely done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story's most uncommon,
An army saved by gentle woman.

"'Twas in that dark and bloody time*
When savage craft and tory crime
From Northern lake to Southern flood
Had drenched the western world with blood.
And in this wild, romantic glen
Encamped a host of savage men,
Whose mad'ning war-whoop, loud and high,
Was answered by the panther's cry.
"The pale-faced settlers all had fled,
Or murdered were in lonely bed;
Whilst hut and cabin blazing high,
With crimson decked the midnight sky.

"I said the settlers all had fled—
Their pathway down the valley led
To where the Elk's bright crystal waves
On dark Kanawha's bosom laves,
There safety sought and respite brief,
And in Fort Charleston found relief;
Awhile they bravely met their woes,
And kept at bay their savage foes.

"Thus days and weeks the warfare waged,
In fury still the conflict raged;

*1791.

Still fierce and bitter grew the strife
Where every foeman fought for life.
Thus day by day the siege went on,
Till three long, weary weeks were gone;
And then the mournful word was passed
That every day might be their last;
The word was whispered soft and slow,
The magazine was getting low.
They loaded their rifles one by one,
And then—*the powder was all gone!*
They stood like men in calm despair,
No friendly aid could reach them there,
Their doom was sealed, the scalping knife
And burning stake must end the strife.
One forlorn hope alone remained,
That distant aid might yet be gained
If trusty messenger should go
Through forest wild, and savage foe,
And safely there should bear report,
And succor bring from distant fort.
But who should go—the venture dare?
The woodsmen quailed in mute despair,
In vain the call to volunteer;
The bravest blanched with silent fear.
Each gloomy brow with labored breath,
Proclaimed the venture worse than death.
Not long the fatal fact was kept;
But through the Fort the secret crept
Until it reached the ladies' hall,
There like a thunderbolt to fall.
Each in terror stood amazed,
And silent on the other gazed;
No word escaped—there fell no tear—
But all was hushed in mortal fear;
All hope of life at once had fled,
And filled each soul with nameless dread.
*But one** who stood amid the rest,
The bravest, fairest, and the best
Of all that graced the cabin hall,
First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
Her step was firm, her features fine,
Of Mortal mould the most divine;
But why describe her graces fair,
Her form, her mein, her stately air?
Nay, hold! my pen, I will not dare!

*Anne Bailey.

'Twas heaven's image mirrored there.
She spoke no word, of fear, or boast,
But smiling, passed the sentry post;
And half in hope and half in fear,
She whispered in her husband's ear,
The sacrifice her soul would make
Her friends to save from brand and stake.
A noble charger standing nigh,
Of spirit fine, and metal high,
Was saddled well, and girted strong,
With cord, and loop, and leathern thong,
For her was led in haste from stall,
Upon whose life depended all.
Her friends she gave a parting brief,
No time was there for idle grief;
Her husband's hand a moment wrung,
Then lightly to the saddle sprung;
And followed by the prayers and tears,
The kindling hopes, and boding fears
Of those who seemed the sport of fate,
She dashed beyond the op'ning gate;
Like birdling free, on pinion light,
Commenced her long and weary flight.

"The foemen saw the op'ning gate,
And thought with victory elate
To rush within the portal rude,
And in his dark and savage mood
To end the sanguinary strife
With tomahawk and scalping knife.
But lo! a lady! fair and bright,
And seated an a charger light,
Bold—and free—as one immortal—
Bounded o'er the op'ning portal.
Each savage paused in mute surprise,
And gazed with wonder-staring eyes,
'A squaw! a squaw!' the chieftain cries,
('A squaw! a squaw!' the host replies:)
Then order gave to 'cross the lawn
With lightning speed and catch the fawn.'
Her pathway up the valley led,
Like frightened deer the charger fled,
And urged along with whip and rein,
The quick pursuit was all in vain,
A hundred bended bows were sprung,
A thousand savage echoes rung—

But far too short the arrows fell
All harmless in the mountain dell.
'To horse! to horse!' the chieftain cried,
They mount in haste and madly ride.
Along the rough, uneven way,
The pathway of the lady lay;
Whilst long and loud the savage yell
Re-echoed through the mountain fell.
She heeded not the dangers rife,
But rode as one who rides for life;
Still onward in her course she bore
Along the dark Kanawha's shore,
Through tangled wood and rocky way,
Nor paused to rest at close of day.
Like skimming cloud before the wind
Soon left the rabble far behind.
From bended tree above the road
The flying charger wildly trode,
Amid the evening's gath'ring gloom,
The panther's shriek, the voice of doom
In terror fell upon the ear,
And quickened every pulse with fear.
But e'en the subtle panther's bound,
To reach his aim to slow was found,
And headlong falling on the rock,
Lay crushed and mangled in the shock.
The prowling wolf then scents his prey,
And rushing on with angry bay,
With savage growl and quickening bound
He clears the rough and rugged ground;
And closing fast the lessening space
That all to soon must end the race,
With sharpened teeth that glittered white
As stars amid the gloomy night—
With foaming jaws had almost grasped
The lovely hand that firmly clasped,
And well had used the whip and rein,
But further effort now were vain;
Another bound—a moment more—
And then the struggle all were o'er.
'Twas in a steep and rocky gorge
Along the rivers winding verge,
Just where the foaming torrent falls
For down through adamantine halls.
And then comes circling round and round,
As loth to leave the enchanted ground,

Just there a band of wand'ring braves
Had pitched their tents beside the waves.
The sun long since had sunk to rest,
And long the light had faded west—
When all were startled by the sound
Of howling wolf and courser's bound,
That onward came, with fearful clang,
Whose echoes round the mountain rang;
The frightened wolf in wild surprise
A moment paused—with glaring eyes
In terror gazed upon the flame,
Then backward fled the way he came.
Each wondering savage saw with fear
The charger come like frightened deer;
With weary gait, and heavy tramp,
The foaming steed dashed through the camp
And onward up the valley bear
His queenly rider, brave and fair.
Still on, and on, through pathless wood—
They swim the Gauley's swollen flood,
And climb Mount Tompkins' lofty brow,
More wild and rugged far than now,
Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's Nest's giddy Height;
And often chased through lonely glen
By savage beast or savage me—
Thus like some weary, hunted dove
The woman sped through 'mountain Cove,'
The torrent crossed without a bridge,
And the heights of Sewell Ridge,
And still the wild, beleaguered road
With heavy tramp the charger trode,
Nor paused amid his weary flight
Throughout the long and dreary night.
And bravely rode the woman there,
Where few would venture, few would dare
Amid the cheering light of day
To tread the wild beleaguered way;
And as the mornings sunbeams fall
O'er hill and dale, and silvan hall,
Far in the distance, dim and blue,
The friendly Fort* arose to view,
Whose portal soon the maiden gains
With slackened speed and loosened reins
And voice whose trembling accents tell,
Of journey ridden long and well.

*Lewisburg.

"The succor thus so nobly sought,
To Charleston Fort was timely brought;
Whilst Justice, on the scroll of fame,
In letters bold, engraved her name."

Gauley Bridge, Va., Nov. 7, 1861.

THE ALAMO; OR THE THERMOPYLÆ OF AMERICA.

Alamo, the Spanish for "poplar" tree, was the name of a celebrated fort at San Antonio, Texas. A small body of Texans, mostly from the United States, here bravely, and we might say hopelessly, resisted a Mexican force of many times their number, from February 11th to March 5th, 1836. Their only choice was to die in arms or as prisoners. One finally surrendered and was murdered. A Mrs. Dickinson, her child and a negro woman were all that survived.

Among the dead were Cols. Wm. B. Travis, David Crockett, and Bowie. Travis was wounded on the wall, and killed the Mexican that killed him. Crockett's body was found surrounded by dead Mexicans. Bowie, who was was sick, was murdered in bed.

In consequence of their heroic defense, Alamo is styled "The Thermopylæ of America." It was the war-cry of Gen. Sam Houston's men at San Jacinto, fought the month after the massacre at Alamo. When Santa Anna was brought a prisoner to Houston's headquarters, the Texas soldiers, burning with revenge for his atrocities at Alamo, clamored for his life. But on his promise to use his influence for the recognition of Texan independence, his parole was taken. However, the cry of "Remember the Alamo," in the charges made by Taylor and Scott's men, long afterwards grated on his ears till he perhaps wished there had never been an Alamo.

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO."

BY LARRY CHITTENDEN.

(From August No. of SOUTHERN LITERATURE.)

Fair Greece and Rome brave heroes knew,
But Texas has her heroes, too,
The men of Alamo!
That brave, courageous, noble band
Of Rangers in the Border Land,
Who, fighting, fell with sword in hand
At San Antonio!

Their well remembered woes and wrongs
Demand no feeble minstrel's songs,
For History's fame is theirs.

Their names shall live on mortal tongue,
Their deeds of valor long be sung,
Their memories blessed by old and young
In silent tears and prayers.

Dark Gettysburg and Waterloo
Survivors of their carnage knew,
Thermypolæ had one;
But on the Lone Star's gory field
The Texans bled but would not yield,
Each man died fighting on his shield,
The Alamo left none!

Crockett, Travis and Bowie's names
Still glow with Freedom's holy flames
And brighten glory's sheath.
No lettered urn or flowered perfume
Need mark such storied heroes' tomb,
For honors round their names shall bloom
In an immortal wreath.

Chittenden's Ranche, Anson, Texas.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

THE TEXT BOOK MAN BEFORE THE LONDON COMPANY.—Perhaps it is not generally known today that the publishers and authors of text books were active in introducing their productions nearly three centuries ago, but such is the fact. The following evidence of this, taken from the proceedings of the London Company, is of interest: "At a Court held for Virginia on Wednesday the 16th Janua; 1622, the committe appointed to pruse the booke which Mr. Jo. Brinsley, school master, presented at the last Court, touching the education of the younger sort of schollers, for so much as they had no time to pruse the same, * * * Mr. Copland being present, was entreated to pruse it in the meantime and deliuer his opinion thereof to the said Committee.

This "booke" was "A consolation for our Grammar Schooles; or a faithful and most comfortable encouragement for laying of a sure foundation of a good learning in our Schooles * * * in all rude countries and places namely for Ireland, Wales, Virginia, with the Sommer Islands."

The object of the author in having it "prused" by a committee of the London Company, was to secure its adoption for use in the schools at Jamestown.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A CORRECTION—In the June number of this magazine we published an article entitled "*A sketch of the life of Cyrus McCormick.*" The manuscript came to us from Hon. Charles E. Hogg, who for years has been engaged in collecting material for a work pertaining to the Virginians. Mr. Hogg made no mention of the authorship of the paper, but the editor believing him to be the author, and being anxious to properly credit all contributions, the article was printed and the authorship assigned to Mr. Hogg. Shortly after we received a communication from Mr. M. A. Leeson, of Chicago, in which he said: "The paper was written by me for the Goodspeed Publishing Co. last November, from data obtained by Mr. Teeple from various sources and by myself from records in this library. As the sketch is made a part of my present work, you will have the goodness to make the proper credit in August issue of your magazine," This we are pleased to do and thereby set all parties Mr. Leeson, Mr. Hogg and ourselves right; further we regret that the mistake occurred.